

AMERICA

SYNTHETICS, SUBSTITUTES AND THE ATLANTIC CHARTER

Joseph Springer

BOGOTÁ COOPERATIVE

Margaret Brine

PENALTIES FOR CATHOLICS

Paul L. Blakely

CATHOLIC SOLDIERS LACK PRIESTS

Lieut. R. J. Sherry

CHRISTIANS CAN FIGHT WITHOUT MALICE OR HATE

Charles Keenan



COMMENTS:

**GOODBYE
3-A**

**WORK OR
FIGHT**

**GOONS AND
CZARS**

**"LIFE" AND
LANDIS**

**FUEHRER
TACTICS**

**LEARN BY
NOT DOING**



A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXVIII

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NUMBER 19

Are Catholics Actionists? Are Catholics Apathetics?

SOME ARE, AND SOME ARE NOT

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(And for the rapid decrease of the Apathetics?)

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THE AMERICA PRESS

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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

February 13, 1943

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WHO'S WHO

JOHN L. SPRINGER applies the seasoned journalist's capacity for facts and figures to the big question: Can the United States hold its own economically and politically in case of post-war isolation? Mr. Springer spent four years as managing editor of *Newsdom*, two years as reporter for the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and further time as free-lance writer for the New York *Herald Tribune* and other papers. . . . MARGARET BRINE is a teacher in the Boston School Department, but has had a keen and active interest in Latin America since she discovered the wonders of Spanish Colonial art in Mexico. She has since visited every important Colonial center from Mexico, D.F., to Arequipa, Peru, and gives illustrated lectures, in color, on Guatemala, Mexico, Peru, Ecuador and Colombia. . . . CHARLES KEENAN denies that we must hate or we shall lose. Basing his argument on Christian philosophy and example, Father Keenan distinguishes between hatred for individuals and battle against evil. Before joining the staff of *AMERICA*, Father Keenan taught English and Philosophy at Seattle College. . . . PAUL L. BLAKELY continues his discussion of the Kentucky school-bus case, with an examination of legal decisions in other cases of discrimination. . . . CHAPLAIN ROBERT J. SHERRY of Fort McClellan, Alabama, was the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Robert J. Sherry, pastor of St. Andrew Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, before he entered the Army on October 27, 1942. Previous to his appointment as pastor, he had been Rector of St. Gregory Seminary, Cincinnati, and Chaplain of the Newman Club at the University of Cincinnati. . . . WILLIAM J. GRACE is a Professor of English in the School of Education at Fordham University, and a collaborator in the syndicated *Literary Cavalcade* column.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Goodbye 3-A. It is too early as yet to assess the full effect of the sweeping order issued February 2 to local draft boards by the Bureau of Selective Service. According to the terms of the order, hundreds of thousands of men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-seven, at present engaged in certain non-essential jobs and deferred from military service on account of dependents, will become eligible for induction into the armed services on April 1. This order nullifies, therefore, previous instructions not to draft married men with dependent children, and practically abolishes the 3-A classification. Furthermore, it seems to suggest a fundamental change in the Government's approach to the whole problem of deferment. Hitherto, dependency has been recognized as a cause for deferment. From now on, apparently, the decision to draft or not to draft men will be based largely on the degree of their participation in the war effort. We are thus moving toward adoption of the British practice, which does not regard dependency as a cause for deferment from military service, but only "essentiality to the war." Whether we shall go the whole way is not yet clear. According to Paul V. McNutt, head of the War Manpower Commission, "dependency is an important factor, but to justify its acceptance as a ground for deferment, a worker must also be making a contribution on the home front." In other words, dependency will continue to be a reason for deferment, but only if joined with essential work.

Work or Fight. Naturally, this policy brings new pressure to bear on workers to transfer from non-essential to essential occupations. As a matter of fact, there is a provision in the order granting temporary deferment (until May 1) to all those who register with the United States Employment Service in order to secure more essential jobs. In simple terms, the Government is now saying to all able-bodied workers engaged in non-essential employment: "Either quit your job and find a new one more necessary to the war effort, or prepare to be inducted into the armed forces." While this policy is pretty high-handed for a democracy, it is preferable to, and more workable than, a National Service Act. Few people in this country want to see married men drafted, especially married men with children, but the demands of total war, according to those responsible for the defense of the country, make the drafting of these men necessary. The local boards, it is heartening to notice, are advised by the Bureau of Selective Service to consider all cases "with common sense." If they do this, some of the harshness of the new procedure will be mitigated—to the welfare of family life, and of the nation. Incidentally, this order will probably bring to a head the simmering opposition in Congress to a 10,000,000-man army.

ABC of Planned Parenthood. The Planned Parenthood Federation of America held their annual two-day meeting January 28 and 29 in New York City. Headlines in the metropolitan press were given to the Rev. Dr. L. Foster Wood, of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, who wanted religious and social agencies to give "adequate birth-control advice to young home-makers"; to various psychiatrists; social workers; obstetrical consultants. In view of the persistent activity of the birth-control propagandists, it is both helpful and necessary to keep always in mind four very simple essentials. (1) The objective of the planned-parenthood movement is not planned parenthood as such, but the promotion of artificial devices for contraception. Were planned parenthood really their primary interest, they would recognize that Christian ethics not only permit, but favor a rational planning of families, using, however, the obvious means of abstinence and spiritual self-control. (2) Despite all their elaborate apparatus of pseudo-scientific or irrelevant scientific learning, the birth controllers are unable to produce a single conclusive argument why artificial contraception is necessary to relieve the social evils they deplore. (3) They are totally incapable of providing a convincing or even an intelligible explanation of how they can prevent the extinction, through birth control, of the nation and of the human race. They are unable to "show cause" why birth control is not the pathway to economic, racial and political slavery. (4) They are unable to justify their fatuous pertinacity in propagating, during time of war especially, a cause which infallibly produces a sharp cleavage between major religious groups in this country. Catholics did not raise the birth-control issue. The planned-parenthooders raised it; and the day will come when an outraged public opinion will demand of them a long-delayed, but very painful, accounting.

Fuehrer Tactics. Something most revealing was in the speech prepared by Hitler for his tenth anniversary celebration. His failure to deliver it in person could not fail to cause consternation among his people. More than this, however, was the appeal for support of his staggering forces. The ever-dexterous Fuehrer played upon the emotions of Germany and her neighbors, and no less on the attention of enemy nations, by an idealistic statement of his Party platform in earlier days.

All was dominated by one aim, to let the mass of the people participate in the material and cultural riches of the nation. Without regard to birth, class or occupation of parents, every gifted child of our nation should have the chance. . . . All that has been done since 1933 in Germany under new leadership in economy, culture and social development is so unique that nothing in a democratic country can be compared with it. . . . All this could be accomplished

only by concentrating all forces of the nation, directing them unitedly toward goals which were recognized as necessary.

Many benefits indeed accrued to special groups, and full employment to all. But back of it all a power grew up which was politically destructive of both home and neighbor. Admirers of the Nazi success embraced a regime which favored material goods and a fantastic *Lebensraum*, at the price of basic natural rights. They forgot that sound government protects individuals and institutions. It does not create them.

Monks in Uniform. Monks and clerics and purple-clad prelates are donning uniforms today. Save for the shining little cross on his shoulder, you cannot tell the army or navy Chaplain from his fellow officer. But this transformation is not as odd as at first sight appears. It may make our Chaplains feel a little less like fish out of water to recall that, fifteen centuries ago, the great Saint Benedict did quite the same thing. He dressed his monks like soldiers, though he took them out of the army instead of putting them back into it. In the *Grail* for February, published by St. Meinrad's Abbey, Indiana, a Benedictine monk, now an army Chaplain, takes time off to recall just this interesting bit of history. The brethren of his Abbey are clad in a uniform which is a copy of that worn by the ancient Roman legions, "for St. Benedict prescribed the tunic of a soldier to be worn by his monks; the military belt, which was the symbol of authority in the army; the scapular, or soldier's work apron; the *cuculla*, or military cape worn for protection against the inclemencies of the weather." Even the monastic office is a "drill" or parade, and marching psalms are brought to a quick halt by the versicles (Latin *versus*, a turn). The monk's reveille is the *classicum*, the ancient military signal of the Roman army. In some brave new world, priests and Religious may be quite clerically garbed in a modified uniform of our practical modern armies.

First Catholic Navy Chaplain. "Somewhere in the Mediterranean today, planes and battleships are passing over the earthly remains of the first of the long and gallant line of Catholic priests who serve the men of our Navy." So runs part of the Introduction to the *Journal of Father Adam Marshall, 1824-1825*, recently issued by the University of Scranton under the editorship of the Rev. Joseph T. Durkin, S.J. A brief account of Father Marshall appeared in *AMERICA* in the issue of September 13, 1941; but in these days, when the work of our Chaplains is so vital and so universally lauded, this fuller story is of interest. Father Marshall was schoolmaster and Chaplain of the midshipmen of the United States ship-of-the-line *North Carolina*. He was not only the first Catholic priest to hold office on an American ship; he was the first casualty among the Catholic priests in our Navy, and it may be our fond hope that his intercession is now helping his modern confrères in their arduous and fruitful task. They, too, from their contacts with our men in the service testify, as the editor says

of the Diary, that there is "much that is inspiring and beautiful about the American Way of Life on shipboard." In fostering and improving that, our Chaplains today are really the men who are winning the war.

"Life" and Landis. Amongst those present when Carole Landis was married to Captain Wallace, of the United States Eighth Air Force, in a Catholic church in London, was the irrepressible and ubiquitous photographer of *Life*. On the lack of taste displayed in the two-page spread given to the wedding, we shall not pause here to comment. But one remark in the accompanying text does call for elucidation. "Because her brief earlier marriages had been only civil ceremonies," says *Life*, "the Catholic Church permitted her a church wedding this time." The Catholic Church permitted a church wedding only because Miss Landis was free to marry. Civil marriages between non-Catholics are recognized as valid by the Church, unless there is some invalidating circumstance; as there would be, for instance, if one of the parties had a civil divorce from an existing valid marriage. (The Church does not recognize as valid the marriage of a Catholic outside the Church.) If two non-Catholics contract a valid civil marriage, and one of them subsequently becomes a Catholic, there can be no new marriage, even in church, with a third person, so long as the other partner is alive; except in certain rather unusual cases such as the Pauline Privilege. As it stands, *Life's* statement is simply a *non sequitur*.

Goon and Czars. On February 3, the biggest union contract ever negotiated for white-collar workers was signed between the United Office and Professional Workers of America, C.I.O., and the Prudential Insurance Company. As a result partly of secret elections, and partly of a nation-wide check of union cards against payrolls, supervised by the impartial American Arbitration Association, the Company's workers were found to have chosen the U.O.P.W.A. as their bargaining agent. Now a contract has been signed which includes, among other provisions, a maintenance-of-membership clause and a system of voluntary dues deduction. Obviously, this whole process by which thousands of white-collar workers, typical middle-class Americans, freely and voluntarily selected a union to protect and improve their economic status, is in striking contrast to the picture of organized labor as currently painted by anti-union writers. Where is the evidence here of goon squads, of dictatorial labor czars, of timorous suckers being handed over for exploitation to a "sub-government of the United States?" If the Prudential case were an isolated instance, it would prove little; but it is only one of thousands of similar cases. Regardless of the columnists and editorial writers and the literature of the National Association of Manufacturers, large numbers of American workers seem willing to risk their liberty by organizing. In writing of industrial relations, not to start with that fact is unrealistic. To ignore it is dishonest.

Polish Catholics and Jews. A thorough refutation of the charge that the Polish Catholics in German-occupied Poland are indifferent to the Nazi persecution of the Jews is contained in a document just released by the Rev. Wenceslaus Zajackowski, S.J., through the Polish Catholic Press Agency in Chicago. Dated July 10, 1942, and obtained by the "underground" from German-occupied Poland, the document sheds great light upon the deeply human and Christian attitude of the Polish Catholics toward their tormented fellow countrymen of the Jewish faith. The facts alleged by the Polish Catholics are precisely those incredibly horrible details which have appeared in the press of the United States—thus disposing of the notion that they are mere "propaganda" exaggerations.

The world [says the document] regards all these crimes, which are more horrible than anything that has ever happened in the history of mankind, with a calm eye. Millions of helpless people are being massacred and a sinister silence prevails. . . . This silence cannot be tolerated any longer. . . . That is why we, Polish Catholics, are raising our voices. We do not wish to be Pontius Pilates. We are not in a position to react actively against the German murderers; we cannot help to save anybody, but we protest from the very depths of our hearts. We are filled with compassion, horror and indignation. God who forbade murder bids us to protest. Our Christian conscience bids us to protest. . . .

We protest also as Poles. . . . Whoever rejoices [over such misery] is neither a Catholic nor a Pole.

Such sentiments correspond appropriately to the hospitable treatment which is reported as being given to Polish Catholic refugees by the authorities and populace of the Jewish colonies in Palestine.

Learn by Not Doing. As a protest against an "outmoded" and "impractical" educational system which had dominated schools for centuries, modern educators formulated the slogans: "Education for Life," and "Learn by Doing." Education progressed; in fact it became Progressive. Recently, however, the more serious educators, social workers and magistrates have been asking themselves a question which, a simple soul might imagine, would have occurred to somebody a bit earlier: granted that education is making progress, where is it going? A remarkable increase in juvenile delinquency, and ever-increasing complaints of trouble in the public schools have made men stop and think. Recently, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, voiced publicly his strong disapproval of what is called Progressive Education. This, it appears, consists in not educating. To learn self-control, one of the first requisites for living in a civilized society, the child is carefully shielded from any interference with his whims. To prepare him for a world full of checks on his passing desires, checks imposed by conditions of work, the civil law—not to mention the Divine Law—the classroom is made into a world free from every check. Dr. Butler is head of a University which has a great and far-reaching influence on education in America. Let us hope that his sane words will have some effect on the advocates of preparing for life by living in the Looking-Glass Country.

UNDERSCORINGS

ANXIETIES about the Church in the Philippines have been partially dispelled by a dispatch sent through Madrid from the Spanish Ambassador in Tokyo. All Spanish priests in the islands are carrying on full activity, except in Mindanao. From other sources, however, we know that religion has, for the present, been banned in the schools.

► Bishop Frederick A. Donaghy, the Maryknoll Bishop in Kwangsi, China, recently made his way through the Japanese lines for an international ceremony. With the assistance of a French Bishop, he consecrated the new Portuguese Bishop, Msgr. Romalho, in Macao.

► Successful operation of Catholic Labor Schools has resulted in Rev. John C. Friedl, S.J., being chosen as Chairman of the War Labor Board advisory council for the district embracing the States of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Arkansas. Long practiced as a mediator in labor disputes, for the past few months Father Friedl has served as regional mediator for the Board.

► In the regular release of news by the War Production Board, the latest pastoral of Bishop von Preysing of Berlin was quoted and given unstinted approval.

► During a civic testimonial dinner, Father M. M. English of Butte, Montana, received the thanks of the citizens and the tribute of his Bishop, Most Rev. Joseph M. Gilmore, for his skill and success in negotiating the dispute concerning colored soldier-workers in the copper mines. Stoppage of copper production had threatened the war effort because of race discrimination. For his part in the solution, Father English won widespread respect, and the community celebrated in "one of the greatest expressions of mutual understanding and interest ever witnessed in the city of Butte."

► An important decision has given to non-profit hospitals throughout the country the authorization of the War Labor Board to make salary adjustments for their employes without board approval. The decision enables many hospitals to free themselves from a serious situation, for they were losing workers because of lower wage schedules previously fixed.

► From Vatican City comes word that the new Minister of China to the Holy See, Dr. Cheou Kang Sie, has just arrived at his station. His presence will allay the disappointment formerly expressed over the absence of a Chinese diplomat at the Papal Court.

► Father Georges Rutten, a member of the Belgian Senate and a leader of the Belgian Christian Democratic movement, has been arrested as a hostage by the Nazi authorities in Brussels. Father Rutten enjoyed a unique reputation. Since 1921 he has been regularly elected by the Senate itself, under a constitutional provision permitting that body to elect twenty of its 110 constituents.

► To meet Nazi restrictions on religious instruction of youth, the new Archbishop of Cologne, Msgr. Joseph Frings, has begun a system of twice-weekly "hours of spiritual guidance" by lay teachers.

THE NATION AT WAR

A CONFERENCE between our President and the Prime Minister of Great Britain ended at Casablanca, in Morocco, on January 24, after a ten-day session. Both principals were accompanied by the chiefs of their army, navy and air staffs, who worked night and day. This long discussion concerned, according to the official announcement, the entire field of the war, theatre by theatre, throughout the world. But more particularly, it related to what the Anglo-Saxon Powers could do in 1943.

Of prime importance is Russia, whose armies are still continuing their astounding progress. No Russian representative being present, it is fairly certain that the conference decided nothing about the conduct of the Russian campaign. Arrangements were undoubtedly made for aid to Russia, and plans drawn to accomplish this, in view of the Axis submarine campaign, which is taking a serious toll of our ships and cargoes. It has not been possible to replace all of the ships sunk; and difficult to replace the trained seamen. The increase in American troops overseas requires constant increases in the number of ships needed to supply our soldiers. It would help Russia immensely if the Dardanelles were opened to the Allies, so that naval ships, as well as supplies, could be sent there by that route. A new campaign in that vicinity is not improbable.

North Africa was most carefully covered by the conference. The local American and British commanders presented their opinions in person. So did the French Generals. General Giraud, commanding the French in North Africa, is supported by the American and British Governments and, in turn, his troops have been taking a major part in recent fighting in Tunisia. Here the question is whether we should attack the Axis forces now, or wait and let them attack us. Indications are that the latter plan will be followed for a certain time.

The conference also had before it the determination of where and when Allied troops in North Africa, and in the British Isles, would invade Europe. Winter will soon be over, and good invasion weather will be common. There may be several invasions at once, between Norway and France.

Russia has recaptured Stalingrad. According to reports of their own officer prisoners, the Germans have there lost 330,000 men since November. A new Russian offensive started near Voronezh on January 25. The Germans foresaw this and retreated one day before the attack came. Russian armored troops cut around the Germans, and have surrounded another large number of Axis forces. Around Rostov, the Germans appear to be holding the Russians. In Caucasia, the Germans are withdrawing, and the Russians following. On January 31, Marshal Goering at Berlin claimed that the Russians were using their last reserves and must soon stop. This may be so, but Goering's language is almost exactly the same as that of Stalin, who, on November 6, 1941, claimed that the German reserves had then already given out. Germany has not yet been able to stop the Russians, but the conflict is still in doubt.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

TO this correspondent, at least, Congress is a subject of perennial interest, and of more than passing importance. And its behavior the past two or three weeks has served to show forth the shape of things to come. In fact, the whole political situation has suddenly crystalized in the Congress, and to be more precise, in the Senate.

Before he went to Casablanca, the President sent three nominations to the Senate: that of ex-Senator Josh Lee for the Civil Aeronautics Board, that of ex-Senator Prentiss Brown for the Office of Price Administration, and that of Edward Flynn for Minister to Australia. The Lee nomination went through with difficulty, against the custom of courtesy to a lame duck. The Brown nomination caused some misgivings, but that went through also, on the same grounds, though serious rumblings are already beginning to be heard concerning Mr. Brown's appointment of ex-Congressman McKeeough to the post of OPA head in the Middle West.

The Flynn nomination, as is well known now, ran into serious difficulties. On a poll, it was found that the solid Republican delegation was against him, as a matter of routine politics. Moreover, it was also found that enough Democrats would vote against Flynn to make his rejection certain. The deciding weight on this side was thrown by Mr. Ed Crump, an old-style machine boss from Tennessee, who virtuously found it impossible to allow his two Senators to vote for Flynn. At a public hearing, the personal charges against Mr. Flynn, even on the open admission of his political opponents, fell flat. To account for the proposed rejection, the press suggested a popular uprising of public opinion which was invisible to the naked eye.

To what does all this add up? It adds up to something exceedingly significant. Mrs. Roosevelt, and indeed Mr. Flynn himself, attributed the incident to treachery to the President. This was true only in a limited sense. What really happened was an irremediable split in the Democratic party, a revolt of the Southern Democrats against the Northern Democrats, who are largely urban and Irish in composition. To the extent that the President has heavily leaned on the Northern Democrats, it was a revolt against the President. It was, in other words, a successful attempt to see to it that the forces in the North and West which have supported the President will have no say concerning the next Democratic nominee for the Presidency. On this issue, of course, the Republicans will side solidly with the Southern Democrats.

The ramifications of this development will be tremendous on the domestic front. In fact, they will be our internal history for a year or so. But they will be even more important on the international front. There will, of course, be no slackening or disunity on the war effort, except for the struggles of heads of agencies for priorities. But the lines are forming definitely for a repudiation of any Roosevelt intervention on the settlement of the world after the war.

WILFRID PARSONS

SYNTHETICS AND SUBSTITUTES AND THE ATLANTIC CHARTER

JOHN L. SPRINGER

WHAT part will the United States play in the post-war world? Will we, as a nation, join actively in solving world economic and political problems, sensitive to the task of uplifting downtrodden peoples everywhere—or will we return to our pre-war isolationism, “aloof from Old World turmoils”?

If you were to ask that question today of diplomats, Administration officials, Congressmen—and public-opinion formers the country over—you would receive an almost unanimous answer: “Isolationism is dead. America will be a major force in maintaining post-war law and order throughout the world. We will join with the United Nations to prevent future aggressions, dictatorships and wars.”

As they chart their blueprints, our post-war planners adhere to that belief. They see the broad avenues of internationalism lying straight ahead. But down the road a potential barrier—as yet unnoticed by most of the planners—is in the making. Unless it can be hurdled, America may find itself traveling the path not to internationalism, but to isolated nationalism. That barrier—economic self-sufficiency—will reduce our foreign trade to a fraction and remove one of the most powerful reasons for our active participation in the world's councils.

ECONOMIC ISOLATION

Never have American leaders in Washington desired and promoted internationalism so diligently. And never have we been so isolated economically. Japan's seizure of Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, Burma, and its blockading of communication with China save by air, have closed many of our sources of raw materials. Hitler's armies have padlocked almost all Europe's trade doors, and his prowling submarines make dependable raw-material shipments from the Middle East and Africa. Russia, rich in natural resources, needs all it can extract for its own war needs, and must depend on us for many imports. We have been forced by necessity to turn to the Western Hemisphere, to our own half-forgotten resources, and to the farmer and chemist for synthetics to feed our hungry war-machine. We are creating new resources, developing new products, to become independent of the outside world for all the materials we require to remain a first-rate industrial and military power. The longer the war progresses, the greater will be our self-sufficiency when the peace is finally written. Our economic stake in the areas

outside this hemisphere will be greatly reduced. And if we are to join with European and Asiatic nations in maintaining peace throughout the world, it will not be because of necessity, but because another force—a spiritual force—impels us.

Before war struck at Pearl Harbor, the Army and Navy Munitions Board listed fourteen “strategic materials” unobtainable then in the United States in quantities sufficient for our needs. These materials were antimony, chromium, cocoanut-shell char, manganese, manila fiber, mercury, mica, nickel, quartz crystal, quinine, rubber, silk, tin and tungsten. For most of them we had to go to the Far East, to Europe, Asia and Africa. We had a deep interest in seeing that these materials remained available to us. Seizure of their sources by unfriendly hands would, it was believed, place us virtually at the mercy of a foreign power. But for all of these products today we are finding new sources in this hemisphere or developing adequate synthetics or substitutes in our laboratories.

SEARCH FOR SYNTHETICS

For example, before the war the Far East provided ninety-eight per cent of all our rubber. Today, with those sources closed, the search for home-grown and home-made rubber is frantic. Brazil, birthplace of the Far East's rubber, is cultivating large-scale crops. Haiti, once a rubber-grower, is also resuming production. The United States Government has authorized construction of huge factories with an eventual capacity of 800,000 tons of synthetic rubber, superior in many specific respects to the natural kind. And synthetic-rubber experts predict that the cost of their product will come tumbling down as mass-production is achieved. Officials of the Goodrich Rubber Company, producers of Ameripol, say they will be able to provide rubber at twenty cents per pound, slightly more than the cost of Far Eastern rubber before the war. It is reasonable to expect that when the war is over, these American sources will continue to be utilized—and our need for foreign imports virtually negligible.

How we have relieved ourselves of dependence upon Japan's silk is also typical. Silk was regarded as essential for parachutes and shell powder-bags. American chemists developed nylon and, when war came, tests were made with nylon parachutes—and have been hailed enthusiastically. So highly is this synthetic fiber regarded as a substitute for

silk, in fact, that there is reason to suspect Japan of planning to develop a nylon industry of her own. Japanese chemical journals have carefully analyzed the composition of nylon, and Japan has refused to enter into nylon-patent agreements with any foreign nation, leaving her free to develop a native industry without paying royalties. Thousands of mulberry trees, cut down to allow for more food planting, may never be replaced.

HEMISPHERE PRODUCTION

Synthetics, substitutes or increased hemispheric production are now under way to satisfy our needs for all the other strategic materials. Increased supplies of antimony, a steel alloy, are coming from Mexico and Bolivia, and metallurgists have found ways to reduce the use of antimony in storage batteries—heavy consumer of the metal—so that our total needs are considerably reduced. Chromium production has been stepped up in the United States, Alaska, Cuba and in Brazil, where large sources have not been touched. Because of a new metallurgical process developed by the U. S. Bureau of Mines, our low-grade chromite ores can now be converted into higher grades.

Tropical American cocoanut production is providing cocoanut-shell char, which serves in filters for gas masks. Hemispheric sources of manganese—another steel alloy—are large and high grade; but in this instance the United States had large stockpiles acquired from abroad. Hemp, replacing manila fiber for army and navy cordage, is being extensively grown in Kentucky.

In the case of mercury, domestic output has been stepped up so that we are now able to take care of all our needs and still export some to England. Mica, used for insulation, is coming from Canada; and the Dominion, source of ninety per cent of the world's nickel, is also providing us with that metal, which is necessary for armored plate in tanks, battleships and planes.

Researchers at the Carnegie Institution's Geophysical Laboratory have developed a process for simulating natural conditions and producing quartz crystals in an electric furnace. Guatemala is undertaking large-scale planting of cinchona trees, source of quinine; and studies sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation International Health Division in Panama indicate that two new sulfa drugs—promin and sulfadiazine—are satisfactory substitutes in the treatment of malaria, while hope is expressed that a member of the sulfa family may soon be discovered which will be even more efficient than quinine.

Tin's primary use is for canning. Glass and other substitutes, development of a new electroplating process that saves half the tin that goes into a can, and increased utilization of Bolivia's large resources, are enabling us to achieve hemispheric independence in that metal. Half our tungsten needs can be produced in the United States; molybdenum, on which we have a world monopoly, is successfully replacing it in many uses, and increased tungsten imports are coming to us from Bolivia.

SAVING THE AMERICAN STANDARD

Our movement toward self-sufficiency in strategic materials indicates the trend toward self-sufficiency in virtually all the materials needed for luxurious American standards of living. With hoe and test tube we are evolving the products formerly imported from abroad that make for comfortable peace-time living.

Florida farmers are planting French endive, small varieties of tomatoes for tomato-paste which formerly came from Italy, and mustard- and turnip-seed previously "made in Japan." Button-makers who imported mother-of-pearl have found a satisfactory substitute in the shell of Mississippi mussels. The laboratories have contributed a plastic reed to replace bamboo reeds from the Orient, essential for saxophones, clarinets and the well-being of the Hit Parade. Guatemala is expanding tea production, and other South-American countries are increasing cultivation of the sabassu-nut to provide good oil for lathering soaps, in lieu of cocoanut and palm oils. Synthetic camphor has already largely supplanted the natural product of Formosa. Peru is growing flax for linen products and, according to Dr. B. B. Robinson of the Bureau of Plant Industry, is ideally suited for the purpose. These are simply examples; there are hundreds more. Every type of climate touches North and South America. Every product grown elsewhere, which we need or desire, could be grown here, therefore; and the war is forcing this development.

ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE

What are the implications of this new-found self-sufficiency? In the future the United States will have a greatly reduced need of buying from nations outside this Hemisphere. In 1940, we imported from the Far East 700,000 long tons of rubber, at a total cost of \$300,000,000, for example, and our silk bill annually ran to \$100,000,000. These imports hereafter will be cut to a mere fraction. And since we are no longer dependent upon these supplies, we shall have less economic interest in whether the areas producing them are held by friends or potential enemies. With adequate natural and synthetic rubber-production in this hemisphere, our economic concern for the fate of other rubber-producing countries would be negligible. And this is true in regard to all the countries producing materials which we are now learning to supply for ourselves.

To sell in foreign markets, however, we must buy. For the exchange of goods is the only way in which trade can be carried on. Our failure to buy would necessarily limit our sales abroad—and limit also our economic interest in the political problems of foreign markets. Our attention would be directed toward the Western Hemisphere, among nations with economies complementary to our own. The bulk of our foreign purchases would be made in those markets, and the bulk of our sales would, in all probability, be made there, too. We would be practising an expanded "Good Neighbor" policy.

These factors constitute a powerful force pulling in the direction of post-war hemispheric isolation for America. William J. Enright, business expert for the *New York Times*, finds the implications discouraging. "The Atlantic Charter will not mean very much if each nation should decide it can only export and not import," he declares. According to Wendell Willkie, self-sufficiency for America would result in intense nationalism, political isolation—and "inevitable war."

However, American economic independence is not incompatible with support of the Atlantic Charter and the enlightened, war-proof peace which that implies. Indeed, the very absence of selfish economic interest in the settlement of the world's post-war problems will enable us to throw our full weight behind establishment of a peace that is equally just to all nations and races. We shall have nothing to ask at the peace table but the fulfillment of justice. We need no new territories, have no far-flung sources of supply to protect. We can see the peace problems in an impartial perspective.

For that reason, growing American autarchy is a weapon for those who envision a better world. But it is two-edged. In the absence of a peace that appeals to the hearts of Americans, it can enable us to turn away from a union of nations as we turned away from a League. America's new-found self-sufficiency is an assurance that if we do lend our support to the maintenance of post-war harmony, it will be because the world is ready for it, because our allies, no less than we, are willing to forego private advantage for the common good of all nations. But a vindictive or selfish or unjust peace would repel Americans morally; and future wars throughout the world would be less a result of our isolation than of the unworthy peace terms that made our isolation desirable.

Whether post-war America will be internationalist or isolationist is, therefore, a question that remains to be settled. Depending as it does upon the decisions reached at the peace table, it is a question that may be decided for us by our allies.

[Mr. Springer's belief that autarchy can avail us little without a widely accepted policy of peace, is confirmed by the words spoken last October to the National Foreign Trade Convention by Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles. Commenting on the Atlantic Charter's fourth point, which commits the United Nations to "further . . . access, on equal terms, to the trade and raw materials of the world," the Charter, observed Mr. Welles, proposes "to make it certain that any power that again threatens to enslave its neighbors is denied the means to do so. The materials of war must be denied to any future Hitler. The access to raw materials of which the Charter speaks is access for the purposes of peace. For that purpose it matters little in whose territory particular resources are to be found. Access means the right to buy in peaceful trade and it exists whenever that right is effective and secure." Whether or not we are self-sufficient, the ultimate question is the peaceful purpose of world-trade itself.—Ed.]

BOGOTÁ CATHOLICS TEACH CO-OPERATION

MARGARET BRINE

THE Spanish settlers in South America had the happy faculty of founding their Colonial centers in the most remote sections of the high Andes. The traveler wishing to saturate himself with the art treasures of the Colonial period which are still to be found in these centers must be prepared to travel the hard way. It is only when one roller-coasters for many days over hazardous mountain roads, exposed to many hardships, and even hunger, that one begins to appreciate the work of colonization undertaken by the Spanish in the New World.

For several weeks I had enjoyed the fantastic treasures of the Colonial churches and convents in Quito, Ecuador, that jewel among Colonial cities. From there I traveled overland to Bogotá, the capital of Colombia. This trip of eight days takes one through the heart of the Andes, past the gigantic snow peaks, over a long and, at times, breath-taking road. The trip from Pasto, Colombia, to Popayán is long to be remembered. It was necessary to depart from Pasto at the dark, dreary hour of four, but you are rewarded for this unearthly departure by seeing the early morning sun rise from behind the jagged mountain peaks and bring day to the Andes, you are rewarded by a huge full moon turning the snow-capped mountain tops into an eerie spectacle, you are rewarded by witnessing the shooting flames burst forth from the active volcano Purace which lies close to Popayán.

Leaving the Colonial city of Popayán, you drop into the beautiful and fertile Valle del Cauca with its great orchid farms and its brilliant crimson Bougainvillea contrasting with the lush green tropic vegetation. In this valley are the coffee plantations which have made Colombia famous. For miles you see the dark-green leaf of the coffee plant nestled beneath the fluttering pale-green banana trees.

Finally this tropic vegetation comes to an end, and you find yourself climbing into the mountains 9,000 feet to the city of Bogotá. After so many days of feasting on the wonders of nature in her various aspects, you fear perhaps this is the end. But no, Bogotá claims "man-made" beauties beyond anything you can imagine.

There is the beloved church of San Francisco with its joyous decoration, Santa Clara with its exotic beauty and San Ignacio with its rare collections of paintings by the great Colonial painter Gregorio Vasquez Celallos. What extraordinary people those Spanish were, who, in new surroundings and among unfriendly natives, could create such exuberant works of art.

In Bogotá today that spirit still exists in the

person of the Rev. José Maria Campoamor, S.J., founder of El Circulo de Obreros who, like the early missionaries, not only cares for the soul of his people but also the body. El Circulo de Obreros is an association guided by the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* of Leo XIII in which the aim is to better the economic, intellectual and moral conditions of the working classes.

Desiring to see this work, I traveled to the outskirts of the city to Villa Javier. Happily for me, I found Father Campoamor in the large patio of the girl's school conducting a dramatized geography lesson. The children were responding to animated questions as to the location of rivers, cities and countries by placing themselves in parts of the playground corresponding to the points of the compass. The game, which was being carried on with great enthusiasm, took on even greater impetus when the Padre informed the children that a visitor from North America was with them, and wanted to learn something about their school and the work they are doing.

Thirty-two years ago Father Campoamor, then a young Religious, arrived from Spain filled with the desire to work among the poor. In Europe he had carried on social studies in Germany and Belgium. In Spain he began his apostolic work. Because of poor health he was obliged to leave Spain, traveling to Colombia, South America. His first days were spent wandering through the streets of the city and country, where he quickly became conscious of the great need for work among the poor.

Four months after his arrival in the country, he had inaugurated El Circulo de Obreros, an organization in which the worker was to be esteemed, honored, given help and consolation in all possible forms. At the same time he established the Caja Ahorra, the first savings bank of Colombia. The bank was intended to encourage the poor to put aside their earnings. Today there are six of these banks throughout Colombia, and the 22,000 depositors are found among the rich and the poor. The depositors receive three per cent interest on their money, all profits earned above this amount going towards the improving and maintenance of the Circulo. The President and the Directors of the banks are men of high financial prestige in the nation, who donate their services; hence the broadening of El Circulo's activities.

Was it any wonder that El Padre beamed when he took me into one of the several hundred homes built from the profits of the Caja Ahorradas. There families can live for a mere pittance in attractive, clean surroundings. The three small rooms were immaculate, the garden filled with bright flowers and the housewife was very justly proud of her *casita*.

A unique phase of the work is the Granjos Agrícolas, the agricultural farms where young girls learn to cultivate the soil and raise cattle. There are now three of these farms. When we arrived at the principal farm, that of Santa Teresa, the Padre blew a whistle; from all directions came girls who had been weeding, planting and hoeing. These

buxom girls gathered about us and gazed at me with wonder, while it was explained that I was a visitor from North America and interested in their work. "How long had it taken me to come from North America?" "Did we have farms like theirs?" "Did I work on a farm?"—they asked me.

Proudly they escorted me about the farm, where they explained how they had learned to plant fruit-trees, grow fine specimens of vegetables, and care for cows. They showed their greatest pride when exhibiting the large orderly dormitory, where fifty-odd beds were arranged with gay orange coverings.

The work in Caja Ahorradas is also carried on by girls. They give their services while learning, then enter the bank as workers for a very small salary. Like the girls on the farm, these girls also live a community life on the second floor of the bank buildings. I was taken to visit one of the dormitories of the six banks. The furniture was decorated in light-blue, the kitchen was modern with frigidaire and electric stove, the reception-room for the guests large and cheery.

The six banks, the eight schools, the dormitories, the cooperative stores, the open-air theatre, the farm, and the work shops where trades are learned, could never have been realized if it were not for the noble work of "Las Marias." "They are the basic column of my work," said the Padre. These groups of young women who work on the farm and in the banks and schools lead the life of a Religious Order, with the exception that they do not wear a habit or follow rules. They must live a life of Christian perfection and take the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, which they must observe while they are members of the group. They give their services for very low wages, thus allowing the profits to go towards the progress of El Circulo.

Las Marias in their work on the farms, in the schools and banks, live a community life in attractive dormitories. These dormitories serve a double purpose; they provide the girls with a home adjacent to their work and, at the same time, set standards for good living, so that when they establish their own homes they will have ideals to go by.

A girl may become a member of El Circulo and enter a chosen field after she is fourteen years of age. Members are free to leave when they desire; many of them marry, and El Circulo aids them in beginning their new life. Very often the young couple take one of the workers' homes in Villa Javier and continue as members of the "family of workers."

I had my last glimpse of Father Campoamor as he sat in animated consultation with a group of ladies from the leading families of Bogotá. These ladies, with tact and delicacy, work in cooperation with the Padre. They assist in organizing the popular fiestas, they visit the schools, they distribute delicacies and necessities to the children, they serve in the restaurants, they visit the families of the workers and give aid where needed, and El Circulo counts them as a most important part of its organization.

CHRISTIANS CAN FIGHT WITHOUT MALICE OR HATE

CHARLES KEENAN

CHRISTIAN love knows no exceptions. It is the explicit teaching of Christ Himself.

"It has been said to them of old," said Jesus: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy. But I say to you: Love your enemies." There it is, beyond doubt and ambiguity. We must not hate even our enemies. If we defend Christian ideals, this is one of them, and it is well to recognize it.

Christ Himself recognized it in act many times during His life. His recently-gathered disciples were astounded to see Him in friendly conversation with the Samaritan woman. He was breaking an immemorial taboo in speaking civilly to a member of this outcast race; and even the woman herself was at first surprised at Christ's simple request for a drink of water. The Pharisees reproached Him—and He did not deny it—with being a friend of those minor Quislings, the Publicans. He replied, perhaps not without some irony, that He had come to call, not the just, but sinners to repentance. He gave immortal expression to His doctrine in that sublime prayer: "Father, forgive them."

But there is another side to the picture. Christ's doctrine of love did not temper the whiplash of His tongue, when He denounced His enemies in Jerusalem. "Whited sepulchres . . . full of rottenness and dead men's bones . . . Hypocrites who put intolerable burdens on men's backs . . . straining at gnats and swallowing camels." His doctrine of love did not lessen the flash of His eye or the power of His arm as He drove the buyers and sellers from the Temple.

Nor would it appear that Christ thought the profession of killing the State's enemies incompatible with following Him. We do not read that He, who praised so highly the centurion of Capernaum, urged him to forsake the military profession. And it is an interesting coincidence that the first Gentile convert was a God-fearing army officer, the centurion Cornelius. Saint Paul, in his many contacts with the officers and enlisted men of the Roman army, never seems to sense any conflict between the permanent Christian duty of loving your enemy and the occasional military duty of wounding, maiming or killing him. To come down a little later in Christian history, it is certain that Saint Sebastian, who gave his life for the Faith under Diocletian, did not rise to be captain of the Emperor's bodyguard through any squeamishness in the use of the short, deadly Roman sword. The whole Christian tradition, in a word, supposes that

a man can be a good soldier and a good Christian. But if he is a good Christian, he loves his enemies. *Ergo*. The conclusion imposes itself.

But not, it would seem, upon some of our more vocal military and civilian writers. We must hate or go under. We must hate our enemies, or we shall make a weakly sentimental peace.

Now, some of this is simply a form of war neurosis, and merits no serious attention except from the psychologists. A typical example of this spirit was the wild indignation of certain writers-to-the-papers when General Montgomery was photographed having tea with his captive, General von Thoma. Certainly Montgomery, having slugged it out, foot to foot, with Von Thoma, had earned the right to judge whether he was fit to take tea with.

We shall not pause, either, to discuss the "pep talks," said to be used by hard-boiled sergeants during bayonet practice to work their trainees up to the proper stage of seeing red. These may have some effect on mental adolescents; but it would be interesting to see the reaction of one so intelligent and worldly-wise as Evelyn Waugh, now in the Commandos.

But there is another view, one of whose most recent and best exponents is Rex Stout (New York *Times Magazine*, January 17). Mr. Stout hates the Nazis and the Japs. For him the idea of loving the sinner and hating the sin is just playing with words. He simply has no use for the sinner. He does not hate an abstraction called Nazism; he hates people; he hates Nazis. Mr. Stout finds a conflict between loving your enemy and killing him. Since he must kill his enemy, or be killed, he will not be so hypocritical as to claim to love him. If he kills his enemy he will not do so with professions of love—that would be hypocrisy; not with cold, unemotional detachment—that would be an impious aping of divinity; but with wholehearted hatred, as a human being.

It is probable enough that none of these subtleties vex the rear gunner of a Flying Fortress who gets a Jap Zero in his sights, or the bombardier who releases a stick of bombs over his target, or even the Ranger who quietly garrottes the Nazi sentry by the ammunition dump. But Mr. Stout has raised a question that, like an uneasy ghost, will not be laid with casual words. We are scholars, and "must speak to it."

Let it be clear from the outset that this is no matter of race- or class-hatred, such as is stirred

up, for instance, against Jews, Negroes or Catholics. Such a hatred is usually based on the primitive urge for power, or is a crude expression of human pride seeking to exalt itself by tearing down others, by striking at a real or fancied source of danger to its own domination. Anti-Semitism is often a matter of finding a scapegoat, of shifting the blame and responsibility for social evils off oneself or one's class. Or, like a great deal of anti-Negro prejudice, it is the assertion of a fancied supremacy. The inferiors must be taught their place. Frequently it is the defense reaction of an inferiority that fears to be shown up for what it is. The Nazarenes' attack on Christ, when He preached in their synagogue, is, perhaps, a case in point. Theirs was a small town, of no importance whatsoever, a standing joke in Palestine—"Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" It had been some little inflation of their ego to patronize the village carpenter. Now He was lecturing them in their synagogue! Talking like a Rabbi! Well, He might deceive the people of Capharnaum, but the Nazarenes knew Him too well. Who was He anyway? Why, the carpenter's son! And in a short time, the affronted Nazarenes had formed a lynching party, and were dragging Christ out to kill Him.

Such hatreds are self-regarding emotions. They are not affected by any excellence or lack of excellence in their object, but only by its class. His distinguished work for science could not save Dr. Carver from the Jim Crow car. That he is perhaps the world's first mathematician does not compensate for Einstein's being a Jew. Al Smith's prominent record of public service counted less, in 1928, even with many Democrats, than his Catholicism.

Such hatreds are no help in fighting Nazism. In fact, to the extent that we have not yet purged our souls of them, to that extent we are not fit to fight the Nazis. Nazism consists in great part of a glorification of the worst factors of class-, race-, and religious hatreds.

It is to a nobler rage, then, that we are invited. Just as the hatreds we have described are degraded by a mean and selfish origin; so this is elevated by springing from a love of truth, justice, charity, human brotherhood. It does not condemn a man for his class, or color, or race; but for his voluntary desertion of what we hold dearest and most valuable in human society. It leaps to the defense, not of a wounded ego, but of homeless, enslaved, exiled millions, innocent of any other crime than that of standing in the way of the Master Race. We are faced with a bitter hatred, a strong, well-armed, determined hatred of all that we hold essential to our civilized way of life. Only by an equally deep and emphatic hatred can we hope successfully to oppose and overcome it.

One moment, gentlemen. No one doubts your sincerity, your courage, your attachment to truth, honor, justice and brotherly love. But are you quite sure that you are beginning at the right place?

Hatred is not primary, but secondary. What we hate depends upon what we love. Hate is a reaction to a threat of evil to what we love; and there can

be no reaction unless we love. If we are really attached to truth, honor, freedom, we shall inevitably hate all that threatens them; if we really love our fellowmen, we shall hate all forces that injure and enslave them.

The danger in preaching a doctrine of hatred is that we may subtly flatter our ego by hating Nazism, by ranking ourselves as opposed to its evils and enjoying the feeling of moral superiority resulting therefrom; and all this without any positive cultivation of the virtues that our attitude implies. Hatred may easily be nothing more than a detestation of Nazi crimes as they affect us, without any attachment to the principles they violate. The fluctuations of anti-Nazi hatred amongst the Communists, for instance, make it rather clear that for them it is chiefly a question of whose ox is gored. Just now they probably lead the field in the United States, for hatred of Hitlerism; yet I personally would not cross the street to see what the Communists would regard as an American Utopia.

We are exhorted to hate the Nazis wholeheartedly now, to avoid the danger that after the war we may become sentimental, and make some fatal compromise on principle. But is it not already a fatal concession, to abandon Christ's own doctrine under pretense of saving it? And what body has been more opposed to compromise on principles with the Nazis than the Church which preaches integral Christianity?

Leaving the theoretical aspect of the question, let us ask ourselves how the average good Christian should regard the Nazis. How can he implement the doctrine of hating the sin and loving the sinner?

It may as well be admitted at once that some sinners are easier to love than others. We have a kindlier feeling toward the Publican than toward the Pharisee; largely because we feel that we have more in common with the Publican. To have something in common is an essential basis of love. Now it is practically the Nazi doctrine that they have nothing in common with the rest of men. They are the *Herrenvolk*, the Master Race. Our traditional ideals of truth, honor, courtesy, gentleness, human brotherhood, they treat as old wives' tales. Our Christian code of morals is not for them; they rise above morals; they make their own codes. If you are kind to them, they despise your weakness; if you are truthful, they laugh at your simplicity. Hitler's dealings with the Church in Germany after the Concordat; his dealings with Austria, Czechoslovakia, and a dozen nations of Europe; and his speeches "justifying" these deeds, reveal a hypocrisy and a cynical disregard for morals and for fundamental decency that would stagger belief had we not witnessed it ourselves.

The Nazi, therefore, does not present himself as a particularly likeable kind of sinner. But we are not required, as Christians, to like our enemies. We are required to love them. The word "love" is, unfortunately, one of the most debased pieces of currency in the language. Love is not a matter of sentimental palpitations under the moon, but a matter of will and deeds. To love another is to wish him

well. There is a certain order in love; one expression of it is the proverb: "Charity begins at home." We love first and best those nearest and most closely bound to us. It is a matter of common experience. We are not bound to wish another well to our own detriment. Still less may we wish him well in a sinful enterprise. Our love for our own people and our own country leads us to apply main force to those who try to injure them.

The anger and indignation aroused by the crimes of our enemies, the determination to apprehend and punish the criminals, are normal human emotional reactions. And insofar as they nerve us to strain every effort for victory, they are performing the normal function of human emotions, that is, to help human actions. No precept of Christian love requires us to endure attack without resistance, or to let wrongdoers go unpunished. In fact, Saint Augustine points out that if we fail to prevent injury to another, when we could prevent it, we are making ourselves blameworthy.

Now it is characteristic of the good Christian that he does not completely forget his condition and that of his fellowman. Shocked as he may be by the crimes of his enemies, determined as he is to put an end to those crimes, using all the force at his disposal, yet no crime ever severs the ultimate bond that binds him to every human being, just because he himself is human. The *Herrenvolk* may proclaim from the housetops their separation from the "lesser breeds without the law"; but the Christian always remembers that the same God formed them both from the same clay; and that the same God took on Himself that clay to save every human being, because He loved every human being, with an everlasting love. The Christian can never ultimately cast off those whom Christ has not cast off. There is only one place to which the charity of the Christian cannot extend; the place of exile of those finally accursed by God.

In his *Psychology of Character*, Rudolf Allers remarks that one cannot make a career of heroism. The hero is not thinking of being heroic; he is simply thinking of the thing to be done. Only, he has accustomed himself to think of certain things as to be done at all costs, even at the cost of his life. The Christian in war has a similar attitude. He sees the evils threatening his country or his fellowman, and determines to put an end to them. He is much more absorbed in loving his friends, so to speak, than in hating his enemies.

When Colin Kelly crashed his plane onto the deck of the *Haruna*, when Admiral Callaghan sailed with all his guns blazing through the Japanese fleet, they were, so far as one can judge his fellowman, thinking of America and not of Japan. The fighting-men do not need hatred; they have bigger things in their minds and their hearts. They are in love with honor, truth, justice, charity; and they will die for them.

Perhaps it is the solemn ones who write of hate that are themselves in need—in need of some Sancho Panza to warn them, lest they be found tilting at windmills while others are blasting the skies clear of Zeros and Messerschmitts.

SOLDIERS ARE MANY CHAPLAINS ARE FEW

LIEUT. ROBERT J. SHERRY, U.S.A.



[Monsignor Sherry's words are offered not in a spirit of criticism, but in order to bring home to all Catholics a deeper sense of the apostolic challenge provided by the "greatest missionary field in the world."—Ed.]

AFTER three months' experience in the Army of the United States as a military Chaplain, I can honestly state that the most urgent need of the hour is more Catholic Chaplains. I am not familiar with the situation in the Navy but, from all reports, it is worse there. We are far below the quota of Chaplains allotted to us by our Government. We are disappointing our army leaders, who have a right to expect a better response to their appeals for more Catholic Chaplains. This fact is a grave challenge to the zeal and self-sacrifice of the entire Catholic Church in this country.

The Chief of Chaplains, Msgr. William R. Arnold, who holds the rank of Brigadier General, has issued a letter, under date of January 10, 1943, to each Chaplain in the continental United States urging "the most aggressive and sympathetic cooperation of every Chaplain now on duty" to increase the flow of Chaplains into the service. He points out that "the very future of our religious institutions and freedoms in America and the world may depend on the manner of response of our religious leaders now!" Something radical and far-reaching must be done at once, because "fully half of this year's procurement must be available before July."

The deficiency in the number of Catholic Chaplains works a peculiar hardship on both the Catholic boys in the Army and the Catholic Chaplains who are serving them. To the non-Catholic boys almost any Protestant minister, of whatever denomination, can be of satisfactory assistance. The Baptists and Methodists, Lutherans and Presbyterians can interchange and help one another in looking after the greater number of soldiers who come under the general name of Protestant.

But with the Catholic soldier this is not the case. Only the priest can absolve him from his sins, offer Mass for him, give him Holy Communion, anoint him in illness. Only the priest can give him the authoritative spiritual direction, the soul-satisfying comfort and consolation of Holy Mother Church. The Catholic boy has been accustomed all his life to turn to the priest in his spiritual difficulties. The millions of our Catholic soldiers fighting the battle of our country's salvation, and their own, turn instinctively to the priest, their faithful, trusted guide from early youth, for help. What a pity and a shame that in their hour of need they cannot receive the essential services of a Catholic Chaplain!

At the Post to which I am attached there are seven regimental chapels built by the Government for white soldiers and one Post Chapel for the regular military staff. There is a large station-hospital now accommodating over 1,800 sick and wounded soldiers. The total number of trainees here ranges between 30,000 and 35,000 soldiers. The percentage of Catholics among them is at least thirty per cent, and often higher. At present it is closer to forty-five per cent. There should be at least one Catholic Chaplain attached to each chapel serving a regiment of men, and at least one Catholic Chaplain in the hospital. Hence eight Catholic Chaplains are needed at this Post.

For months there have been only four, and sometimes three. This means that these few priests must spread themselves thin to try to give the essentials in religious services and spiritual direction to the Catholic soldiers. Each must try to care for over 2,500 soldiers. They are happy to say three Masses every Sunday and an evening Mass each weekday. But just saying Mass and hearing confessions is not enough. A good Chaplain is with the men of his regiment in the field, on maneuvers, during recreation, greeting the new-comers, bidding God-speed to the departing, giving talks on various special occasions, as well as being the friend and counselor of all who seek his advice. This is a full-time job—all day long and late into the evening. Four Chaplains can do only half the job that needs eight.

As a result, the hospital Chaplain must help with regimental services, so that the men in the field will not be wholly neglected. The sick and wounded consequently receive only a part-time service of personal visitation. They have only one Mass on Sunday—at 6:15 A.M.—when they should have at least two in a hospital filled with more than 1,800 patients, about a third of them Catholic. The other two Sunday Masses of the hospital Chaplain must be said at the Post Chapel and at one or other of the regimental chapels lacking a priest.

His evening weekday Mass is said in some regiment, not only to give the men an opportunity to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments, but also to be there where the men can consult him about their personal problems.

The Catholic boys of the regiments without a Catholic Chaplain see a priest only at Sunday Mass or in the evening. All day long every day they see the Protestant Chaplain, who is on the job taking good care of the manifold services which are a Chaplain's life—because the Protestants have enough Chaplains to assign one or two to each regiment. The Catholic boys cannot but miss the priest. They wonder if all he does is to say Mass and wait for them to hunt him up. It puts the Catholic Chaplain at a serious disadvantage, even when he is trying his very best to do two men's work. The three regiments fortunate enough to have a full-time Catholic Chaplain always enjoy a more vigorous, flourishing Catholic life than the ones without. The attendance at Mass is always greater in the regiments which are lucky enough to have a priest assigned to them.

The Protestant Chaplains are men of high cali-

ber. They are the cream of the crop from their respective denominations. There are no six-month Bible-student graduates or itinerant preachers in the Army. The requirements of the Army for the Chaplaincy permit only well-qualified men to make the grade. They are earnest and sincere men who are doing a splendid job. The Catholic Chaplain must be about his Father's business all the time or he will suffer by comparison.

This Post, however, is heaven in comparison with some other camps and military establishments here and abroad. Sometimes the Catholic boys don't see a priest for six weeks or two months and lots of them have never seen a Catholic Chaplain.

Not only Catholics but non-Catholics, officers as well as privates, ask, Where are the priests? I am sure that no Catholic—Bishop, priest or layman—would want anything to reflect unfavorably upon the courage and patriotism of the Catholic clergy. Well, there is only one way to prevent such a situation from arising and that is to see to it that more and more Catholic Chaplains are made available *at once*—not next year or the year after. The old complaint about the United Nations in the past, was "Too little and too late." Let us hope that "Too little and too late" will not be the criticism leveled against our Church in the present crisis and in the still more critical days to come.

There is no other Government under the sun that is doing more for the spiritual and religious welfare of its soldiers than the United States of America. Our Government is spending millions of dollars to build chapels, to commission priests, ministers and rabbis as officers in the Army, buying more equipment and supplies to serve the spiritual needs of our soldiers than ever before in the history of mankind. We need more and more Chaplains to use this equipment for the spiritual necessities of our rapidly expanding Army. What a pity if the Catholic Church, which enjoys such a glorious record of past patriotic achievements, should fail today in the greatest crisis which not only our country but Christianity itself is facing.

All of us can do something to help. Our Most Reverend Bishops can encourage their priests to volunteer, obtain faculties for saying three Masses on Sundays for those who stay at home, hold early ordinations to release more pastors and assistants for army Chaplaincies. Priests will be able to volunteer in larger numbers, when they realize that the parishioners they leave behind will not be neglected. Religious communities, seminaries, colleges can sacrifice some Masses of convenience and devotion. The laity can pray more fervently that the Lord of the harvest will send laborers into His vineyard. The greatest missionary field in the world today is the Army of the United States.

Any Catholic priest between the ages of twenty-four and fifty is eligible. Men under forty-four are required for troop-duty. The physical examination is reasonable. The life of an army Chaplain may be difficult and, at times, dangerous, but it has its compensations in the gratitude and loyalty of the finest group of men on earth and in the assurance of God's approval now and throughout eternity.

LEGAL PENALTIES FOR BEING CATHOLIC

PAUL L. BLAKELY

TWO postscripts may now be added to the Kentucky bus case, as a prelude to some brief considerations on other legal penalties for Catholic children. The first postscript is that Kentucky's highest court has granted a rehearing. As a result, all children may continue to use the school buses until March 29, and, possibly, until the end of the school year.

The second postscript is taken from a letter by Joseph A. Newman, recently published by the *Louisville Courier Journal*. This gentleman does not understand "how any fair-minded man can squawk because free bus service is given to parochial school children." For the contribution to the community made by the schools which these children attend far outstrips the cost of a whole fleet of school buses.

In Jefferson County, outside of Louisville, he writes, there are nine parochial schools, with an enrolment of 1,931 pupils. For each of these pupils, the Commonwealth of Kentucky appropriated \$12.70, in 1942, or a total of \$24,523.70. But who gets this money? The parochial schools which educate these children in letters and good citizenship? No; it is paid into the fund which supports the county public schools!

But that is not the end of the story. For each of these 1,931 children, Jefferson County appropriated \$66.40, or a total of \$128,216.40. Who gets this sizable sum? You are right; it goes to the support of the county public schools. It seems, then, that because Catholics support, without a penny of cost to State or county, 1,931 pupils, the county schools profit to the very handsome extent of \$152,740.10.

It would be hard to find a clearer example of the legal penalty which a Catholic must pay, if he wishes to exercise his constitutional right to choose the school which he thinks best for his child. Since the Catholic father is obliged in conscience to send his child to a school which teaches religion, as well as all the subjects of study prescribed by the State, it is clear that he is punished not only for exercising a constitutional right, but also for fulfilling the dictates of his conscience.

This point is well illustrated by a statement in a brief filed by George E. Flood, Esq., of Seattle, Washington, who argued a case arising out of a school-bus law, before the Supreme Court of that State. Mr. Flood held that the rejection of the State's general provision for school buses would put the State in the position of saying to children in parochial schools:

There is considerable danger of accident, injury, and even of loss of life, in your using the highway to

and from school. You are compelled to use it, for we require you to attend school. We are willing to protect you, and save you from such danger, but only if you give up your conscientious scruples and religious convictions, and attend our schools exclusively. The Constitution guarantees your right to attend your religious school, but we are burdening your religious freedom with a condition that you surrender and forego your constitutional right.

The Washington legislation provided transportation to school children, on the ground that their use of roads and city streets constituted a danger to health, life and limb. Recognizing the simple fact that children in Catholic and private schools possess no safeguard against these perils, and are, in fact, children for whose welfare the State is obliged to provide, no less than for the welfare of children in publicly-supported schools, the Legislature adopted a bill which made no distinction between private and public-school pupils. It is difficult to understand how this reasonable assumption can be attacked, yet attacked it was, and the lower courts of the State declared the bill unconstitutional, holding that it necessitated the use of public funds for the benefit of sectarian schools.

The Supreme Court of Mississippi took a different view in a similar case (*Chance v. State Board*, 200. So. 405). Following the Supreme Court of the United States in the Louisiana free text-book case, it held that the public funds were not used for sectarian purposes, since the State and the child alone were the beneficiaries. Said the Court:

If the safety of the Republic is to remain the supreme law, the safety and the welfare of the citizens who compose it must remain supreme. In obedience to this duty the State may and should supply the children with protection against physical disease and danger, and under our Constitution must encourage the promotion of intellectual and moral improvement. *Such benefits once made available by the State may be demanded by the citizen, or by any group of citizens.* (Italics inserted.)

Nor, I must add, may the State require that these benefits be withheld from citizens who refuse to relinquish their constitutional right to worship Almighty God, according to the dictates of their conscience, and their further constitutional right to send their children to schools other than public.

The "benefits" noted in the Mississippi decision will, I am confident, be greatly augmented within the next few years. Are the pupils in non-public schools which, equally with the State schools, are integral parts of public education, to be excluded from medical and dental care, school lunches, transportation, and other benefits which may be provided for children who need them, by Federal and State appropriations?

If they are so excluded, the conclusion forces itself upon us that the civil authority, State or Federal, as the case may be, recognizes two classes of children. Children in the public schools will be the objects of its solicitous regard. Children in Catholic and other private schools may fall victims to disease, or starve, for all it cares. That conclusion would mean that children are not children unless they attend a State-supported school.

Can any man, outside of Hitler's closest circle, approve such penalties?

WHEN the Apostle of the Gentiles, Saint Paul, made his report to the "saints," the Christians who were at Philippi, he told them of a singular experience with the way his associates in various places were advancing the Gospel.

"Some," said Saint Paul, "proclaim Christ out of love, since they know I am appointed for the defense of the gospel; but some out of contentiousness, not sincerely, thinking to stir up affliction for me in chains." (Philippians, i, 16.)

We do not need to explore New Testament days to discover this type of "preaching." Anti-social persons and anti-social groups, of every variety, have brought the technique in our own time to high perfection. They calculate to a nicety just how to create discord, bitterness, confusion by a preaching that appeals to envy, passion, suspicion, resentment, fear. In this way they bring "affliction" upon the Church of Christ, or upon the very groups "in chains" whom they profess to aid. There is no truth, however sacred, which cannot be misused for this purpose by malevolent persons.

But of all ends that these evil-minded agitators hope to achieve, none is dearer to their heart than that of extinguishing a peaceful and legitimate agitation for justice and the right. Saint Paul saw through the tricks of those who preached the truth "out of contentiousness." "But what of it?" he exclaimed. "Provided only that in every way, whether in pretense or in truth, Christ is being proclaimed; in this I rejoice, yes and I shall rejoice." There is a legitimate action on behalf of the right and for the rights of wronged men. The aim of that action, educational and persuasive, is to bring light and peace, not darkness and discord. Those who lay every evil at the door of "agitating minorities" forget that the Christian Church itself began as an agitating minority; that all great movements that have brought increase of strength, peace and unity to mankind, even in the very heart of the Church, have begun with "minorities" who agitated against a vast mountain of apathy and misunderstanding.

Were it not for such agitators, where today would be the vast mission development of the Church and our mission support; our hospitals and charity organizations, Catholic schools and press?

The most dangerous course, for religion and for our country, that we as Catholics could take in the unrest of the present moment, would be to hide under a bushel-basket our full and unabashed doctrine as to the mutual duties and rights of racial and social groups in this country. Such concealment is a danger to our international relationships in the post-war world; it is a mortgage delivered to the anti-social and subversive elements in our society here at home. We can and should thrust "contentiousness" into the outer darkness where it belongs. But the proclaiming of Christ should not "be terrified in any way by the adversaries" (Philippians 1, 28), but persevered in until the order and justice which He teaches shall be fully revealed and widely understood and put in practice.

CHINA'S PLIGHT

GENERAL strategic plans of the United Nations to concentrate on defeating Germany in Europe and then to turn with combined force to whip Japan in the Pacific, seem logical and necessary. It is true, also, that if we dissipate our strength in too many directions, it will be effective nowhere. But if this concentration on Europe causes us to forget or neglect the threat of our war in the East, we may win Europe's war and lose our own.

We are letting China hold the bag, with very little in it, until we finish helping Russia and Great Britain win their victories in Europe.

Mme. Wellington Koo, the wife of the Chinese Ambassador to Great Britain, speaking in Philadelphia, declared that of all the lend-lease material sent out by the United States, China gets only two per cent, the rest going to England and Russia. "Of this pitiful two per cent," she says, "only half ever got to Burma and of that, only half again ever got into China. There is certainly something wrong with this picture, if Mme. Wellington Koo is right in her figures.

China is on the verge of a collapse, economic and military and, if it is not saved, the hopes for victory of the United Nations will receive a severe setback. The United States, especially, needs China's help if we are to conquer Japan. We are more sure of China's support against Japan than we are of any other nation's. If the war lasts another two years, how sure can we be of really effective action from our European Allies? Russia has not promised any help. Great Britain has pledged herself to aid us, but she will be exhausted economically and physically and utterly sick of war. British soldiers and sailors will want, above all else, to go home and do no more fighting, once the immediate danger is removed. But we can be sure of China's support against Japan. Strictly speaking, it is *our* war.

Any strategic plan of the United States should certainly include enough aid to China, in money, munitions and food, to enable that gallant nation to stay in there fighting until we can join them, shoulder to shoulder, with everything we have.

Realism and idealism demand that we relieve China's terrible needs now. We shall need China terribly, later.

CHALLENGE TO CHARITY

PITY for the oppressed and suffering that does not result in practical action when it can, is a sterile thing, hardly to be called a virtue. Whether Mr. Herbert H. Lehman was thinking in terms of virtue during his address in New York, on January 31, we cannot say; but he did give a suggestion that shows us how we Americans can actually practise one of the corporal works of mercy.

Speaking of the job that the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation, of which he is the Director, will have to do after the war, and basing the work primarily on "moral and humanitarian considerations," he recalled the President's promise that the "liberating armies of the United Nations will bring with them food for the starving and medicines for the sick." Such a task, Mr. Lehman went on, "must challenge the resources of all Americans and of all men of good will everywhere."

Quite true; but more than our material resources must be challenged. Our spiritual awareness of the limitless possibilities of charity must be awakened, too. If we can contribute our taxes, buy our war bonds, share in the various drives for relief, not merely as our part in the war effort, but from the explicit motive of wanting to supernaturalize these onerous duties by infusing them with Christian love for our neighbor, we will be tapping deeper resources than our granaries and factories.

Nor is this utopian; no small part of the revenue through taxation, for example, will find its way into the potentially Christian work of feeding the starving and curing the sick. To make that part not merely potentially, but actually Christian, by the purity of our motive, will help build a morale that is unshakeable and a future world close-knit in charity.

More, such a willingness to share the burdens of the oppressed will make us feel that ours is not so crushing, after all.

We applaud the wide vision and deep sympathy Mr. Lehman voiced; while applauding, we are reminded that Christian charity is still finer than humanitarianism. Our pennies and dollars that find their way into the reconstruction of human lives and values can be doing Christ's work, if only we will have the foresight to ear-mark them so.

ARE NEGROES CITIZENS?

POINTED and interesting are the opinions on our Negro problem expressed last week by Miss Zora Neale Hurston, of the department of anthropology at Columbia, in the *New York World Telegram*. Miss Hurston, a native of the deep South, and a Negro, tells us that the lot of the Negro is much better in the South than it is in the North. Opinions on this comparison will vary. Some might prefer to say that the lot of the Negro is as bad in the South as it is in the North, as bad in New Orleans as it is in New York or, to rise to a climax, as bad as it is in official Washington. Before Miss Hurston finished her conversation with the journalist who reported it for his newspaper, she managed to convey in words which somehow escaped the scribe, that the Negro problem, bad as it was before Pearl Harbor, has become decidedly worse everywhere in these last months.

But Miss Hurston spoke plainly enough when she said that this problem is neither Northern nor Southern, but national. Lincoln said the same thing more than eighty years ago when he wrote that the whole guilt of slavery could not be laid upon the South. The Northern man who protests against discrimination in the South, and then refuses to give employment to a man or a woman whose skin is darker than his own, may be even more guilty than the unwashed hill-billy of the South who thinks that he adds to his social stature by his ranting against "niggers." The truth is that just as the whole country had to do penance for slavery, so the entire nation must today recognize that this problem can never be solved, but will steadily grow more difficult, unless all of us, in the North as well as in the South, in our homes and shops, as well as in the boards, bureaus and agencies at Washington, and in the Army and in the Navy, learn to recognize the rights of the Negro and to respect them.

That we have not learned this elementary lesson is clearly demonstrated by the complete collapse of the Fair Employment Practices Committee. Originally constituted by President Roosevelt to enforce his order against race discrimination in war industries, the Committee struggled against heavy odds from the outset, and finally succumbed when it was transferred to the jurisdiction of the War Manpower Committee. Chairman Paul V. McNutt is a man of many varied abilities but, to judge by the record, the ability to understand the right of the Negro to secure employment on equal terms with the white man in factories engaged in war work, is not among them. Nor did Mr. McNutt evince administrative ability of a high order in his dealings with the F.E.P.C., which dealings were finally capped by his refusal even to meet representatives of certain Negro associations in the South, who merely wished to bring before him conditions in the war industries which were frustrating the very purpose for which the Manpower Committee had been created. Why Mr. McNutt assumed this attitude, he alone knows, and as yet he has not taken the public into his confidence.

Religious leaders, Jewish, Catholic and Protestant, have now appealed to the President, asking him to allow the F.E.P.C. to resume the functions it was originally meant to exercise. Possibly a solution satisfactory both to Chairman McNutt and these protesters can be reached. Yet nothing but a change of heart and manners can make Chairman McNutt satisfactory to those who think that the record shows him to be unaware of the rights of certain minority groups in the country.

The Negro does not wish to embarrass Mr. McNutt, or anyone engaged in war production. All that he asks is that his rights as a human being and as an American citizen be respected. He does not ask more; in self-respect he cannot ask less.

THIS WRIGGLE TO LIVE

WHY the average politician usually suspects or opposes the civil-service system is a question that cannot be answered unless we assume, with no great breach of charity or truth, that the average politician is a very stupid person. In giving a job, he may make one friend, but it is very probable that he will also make enemies of nine men, every one of whom thinks that the job should be his.

An attack on the merit system, of a kind which, we had hoped, was outlawed by this time, is found in a bill recently introduced by Senator McKellar, of Tennessee. All Federal positions paying \$4,500 or more, yearly, are to be withdrawn from civil-service regulations, and filled by Presidential appointment, with confirmation by the Senate. Appointments will be made for four years only.

If this bill is adopted, any hope of creating a career under civil service would be blasted. It would affect all civil-service employes, present and prospective, in the salary brackets named. After June 30, 1943, their places would be taken from them, and reappointment would depend not on merit, but on political recommendation. As the National Civil Service Reform League well observes, the best equipped among our young men and women "will shun the Federal service if they believe that they may not aspire through merit alone to the higher positions, and may be refused reappointment after they have served faithfully and competently for four years." The McKellar bill will bring back the old discredited system under which political workers of mediocre fitness, or none at all, can be put on the Federal pay-roll, to the exclusion of qualified applicants.

Our present Federal civil-service system is still far from perfect. But if attacks of the McKellar type prevail, we might as well repeal all civil-service legislation, and come out flatly for the spoils system. Lincoln once said, according to Herndon, "If our American society and the Government are demoralized and overthrown, it will come from the voracious desire for office, this wriggle to live without toil, work, and labor, from which," he added, "I am not free myself." What Lincoln feared can be made actual in our day by the principle underlying the McKellar bill.

SEED AND LEAVEN

THE Apostles loved our Lord well enough to leave all things to follow Him. But although they listened to His teaching, as we now have it in the Gospels, and doubtless to many instructions that were never recorded, not until the coming of the Holy Ghost on that first Pentecost did they truly understand the work that He had come to do on earth. Even at the Last Supper, they were quarreling about precedence in an earthly kingdom, nor did the glorious light of His Resurrection bring them much illumination. Even as He was about to ascend to His Father in Heaven, leaving them a little flock, fearful of persecution, they asked Him, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom unto Israel?" (Acts, 1, 6.) It was their last chance, and they did not intend to miss it.

In our Gospel (Saint Matthew, xiii, 31-35) we find one of the sermons, preached by Our Lord to the Apostles and to the people, on the nature of the kingdom which He was going to establish. He did not describe it in terms of worldly greatness and power. On the contrary, He compared it to two very small objects, both familiar to His audience. The mustard seed, He said, using a current phrase, was the smallest of all the seeds which a man might sow in his garden but, as they all knew, this seed grew into a plant so much larger than the other plants that it was very generally called a "tree." Quite commonly, it became so large that the birds would make their nests in its branches. His kingdom was to begin, then, in a very small way. But it would grow, and its branches would spread over all the world, affording a home and a refuge for all the children of men.

The first comparison was intended to convey to the people some idea of the universality of the Church, His kingdom on earth. But in comparing it with the leaven which a housewife, preparing to bake bread, would mix with the flour, Our Lord expressed the effect of the Church's teaching in the world, and in the soul of every man who follows the Church's guidance. Without the leaven, the mixture of flour, water and salt remains a pasty mass, unfit for food. But when leaven is added, changes occur in the mixture, making it light, palatable and wholesome. In such a manner would His kingdom bring into the world, even into a world that rejected Him, principles and ideals which the world could not destroy and, into the souls of men who accepted Him, the spiritual forces which make them bread fit for the table of God. All that is good in human life has been effected by the transforming power of this leaven.

The mission of God's kingdom on earth cannot fail. Throughout the ages, the Church has provided a home in the branches of the tree for all men, and her teaching has worked in the souls of men, and through them, in society, like a leaven that purifies and elevates. The malice of men may at times impede her work, and even seem to bring it near to destruction. But everywhere and at all times, the Church is the refuge of sinners, and the fruitful nursery of saints.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

HAMLET A HERO IN TWO SENSES

WILLIAM J. GRACE

[This is a continuation of Mr. Grace's Shakespeare studies which have appeared periodically in these columns. To refresh your memory: a treatment of Shakespeare's poetic art was published in the February 28, 1942 issue; of Shakespeare's Catholicism, June 27, 1942; a study of power in *King Lear*, November 7, 1942. Other equally stimulating articles, we hope, will be forthcoming.—Literary Editor.]

NEARLY every aspect of *Hamlet* has received weighty consideration at the hands of the critics, yet comparatively little has been said about Hamlet's heroism. All the trees have been counted several times, but only a few have noticed the woods. For it is possible to study all the aspects of Hamlet and yet miss his heroism, to know the parts and miss the whole.

For Hamlet in the hands of the "Hamlet men" has rapidly ceased to be a *person*—a person whom one loves, admires, pities—and has become an unpleasant wraith conjured out of what appears to be the world's most confused text.

But the historical facts show that Shakespeare belonged to a *milieu* in which Tasso, Ariosto and Edmund Spenser were intrigued by the problem of what constituted the perfect pattern for the prince. They were primarily interested in the qualities that make heroes truly heroic. Shakespeare, to whom such works as Sir Thomas Hoby's translation of Castiglione's *Book of the Courtier* and Sir Thomas Elyot's *The Governour* were not unknown, follows the interest of the period in fashioning a *hero*—a prince that is "the courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword." What primarily interested Shakespeare in the play was Hamlet's *heroism*, a point to which little attention has thus far been paid.

It is possible to view Hamlet's heroism in two lights. First of all, he is a hero in the general sense; that is, he is admirable *as a man* in spite of what the psychologists have done for him. Secondly, he is a hero in the dramatic sense; that is, he fulfills the function of a tragic protagonist, a man who cannot escape the consequences of the tragic fault mentioned by Aristotle.

In the first sense, it may be pointed out that Hamlet is a prince and a gentleman according to

the humanist standards of the day. Too little attention has been paid to the very studied Renaissance treatises on applied ethics and on the education of princes. An ethical and juridical problem of the type discussed in such works is involved in the play—it is the duty of Hamlet, as the lawful heir to the throne of Denmark, to enact justice against a usurper and a traitor. But as a hero, a model prince, he must proceed both with moderation and certitude. Hamlet's delay which has, at times, been interpreted in the light of anything from an Oedipus Complex to one of the more esoteric forms of insanity, would seem proper and admirable to an educated man of Shakespeare's day.

One aspect of Hamlet's heroism is that he moves with circumspection, guarding himself against the diabolism which Shakespeare emphasizes in this play and in *Macbeth*, and against the shortcomings of his own knowledge and experience. It is entirely admirable that he weighs the ethical problem of retribution seriously and juridically:

... is't not perfect conscience

To quit him with this arm? And is't not to be damn'd

To let this canker of our nature come

In further evil?

As Sir Thomas Elyot says: "There is also a Moderation to be used agayne wrathe or appetite of vengeance." Hamlet illustrates what this same writer terms *fortitude*:

Here nowe appereth (as I suppose) that neyther they whiche employe their force without juste cause or necessitie, ne they whiche without forecast, or (as I moughte say) circumspection, will take in hande an harde enterprise, ne they whiche hedlonge will fall in daungers, from whens there is no hope to escape, nor yet men desperate, which do dye willingly without any motion of honour or zeale towarde the publike weale, be in the nombre of valyaunt persones. . . .

Hamlet is definitely in the "nombre of valyaunt persones" because of his restraint and his careful procedure. The delays and questionings of Hamlet, therefore, tend not to be so much psychological avenues of escape from an unpleasant assignment but rather as further exemplifications of what would seem admirable and suitable in the conduct of a prince.

In a general sense, Shakespeare has lavished his genius in the creation of a great hero—a hero who is primarily involved in an acute moral and spiritual

crisis. In a metaphorical sense the whole weight of evil rests momentarily on his shoulders. His is an ultimate test—that of affirmation or negation. *To be, or not to be*, as Hamlet with his sensitive imagination and penetrating intellect views the problem, transcends the immediate temptation to suicide. It involves the total metaphysical problem of evil. More than a temptation to suicide, it is the most formidable temptation of Satan—to deny *being* entirely because of metaphysical evil. "The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely" and all the burdens of the time form a dead blackness of evil that almost smother him.

And yet, if we but have eyes to see it, in that hour, in that supreme temptation, there is a steady radiation, a glow of profound spirituality, not in a sentimental or decorative religious sense, but intensely real and true, based upon solid intellection in spite of emotional weakness.

Technically, of course, there has never been in literature a more vivid sense of *tension* than in the portrayal of Hamlet. It is disturbing, even too frightening for readers. In an activist society like our own we tend to believe that action, massive and muscular, will break the Gordian knot of every problem. We tend, proportionately, to underrate one of the most important and noblest acts—that of contemplation. We tend to forget that some of the most difficult spiritual struggles are somewhat like Hamlet's soliloquies. And that they cannot be solved mechanically—but only by thought and prayer.

Another aspect of Hamlet's heroism that has been disregarded or quite misunderstood is his *growth in wisdom* which has been unfortunately identified with weakness and fatalism. One cannot afford to overlook the speculative growth in Hamlet, and this growth—tortured and suffering, it is true—is particularly indicated toward the end of the play.

All the critics have been at one on the fascination of Hamlet's thinking. In one sense, he is a philosopher, absorbed in reflecting upon those universals that cannot escape our attention as men—the meaning of life and death and of man himself. Centered in a mystery plot, he has time to consider the greater metaphysical mysteries. From the darkness of his situation, the oppressive dilemma of his soul, comes one of the grandest things said of man, the greater in significance for coming from one who has no reason to be a facile optimist:

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason!
how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how
express and admirable! in action, how like an angel!
in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the
world! the paragon of animals!

As a master of the Renaissance, Shakespeare, like Michelangelo, *thrills* us with the meaning of man, nowhere more definitely than in *Hamlet*. It is a delineation with so smooth and complex a richness, so many-dimensional, that we are apt to take too much for granted and even fall into the brash error of applying the pallid jargon and mechanistic self-sufficiency of contemporary psychology to the

rich knowledge and experience that Shakespeare has to offer us.

In the Gothic confusion of the play, in the many layers of its simultaneous knowing, the meaning of intellect, the mystery of man's mind, creates humility and wonderment in the spectator. Hamlet is an intellectual in the true sense. He is not a disembodied mind bent upon escaping an inconvenient actuality by drawing blueprints in the void. Rather, he uses all his resources to illuminate and understand an experience which he does his best to face. His search for meaning is relentless, and is motivated by his philosophical honesty, his sense of justice, his desire for certitude.

Shakespeare's genius is such that he must touch upon many fields of experience even when his intention remains primarily to give the world a hero whose isolation and secret conflict demand extra powers of courage. As a study of mind under acute stress, the play will long continue to illuminate psychological researches. But such matters are coincidental rather than essential. Hamlet remains essentially a hero who cannot deny his conscience in the face of alternatives, all unpleasant.

We have said that Hamlet is a hero in a second sense, that he is the protagonist of a tragedy. In this sense, he cannot be a Saint, a pattern of moral excellence. But he can have a richness of goodness—a virtue that causes us to love him and to pity him. Shakespeare is actually able to make Macbeth, murderer of king, kinsman and guest, a subject of tragic pity—one who wins that pity any Christian must share in seeing a soul of great sensitivity and promise deliberately choosing to damn itself. At the other end of the scale, however, stands Hamlet, for there is a truly tender epitaph:

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

Hamlet is basically a good man under terrific strain. It is true that he suffers emotional shock, nausea, hysteria, temptations to suicide—all the manifestations we commonly associate with a psychotic state; for all that normally supports a man had tottered under him. That he is threatened by insanity is clear, but it is also obvious that, while his mind is tense, on the verge of breaking, it is held in check by an extraordinary will. The dangers internal as well as external by which he is surrounded increase our pity and admiration.

It may, then, rightly be said that Shakespeare is presenting a tragic hero as well as a noble prince, but in both aspects of Hamlet there is an outstanding moral, intellectual and spiritual quality—heroism in the fullest sense. No great artist can escape the sense of irony in human life; on the other hand, no great artist—least of all, Shakespeare—is so immature as to indict Providence for acting mysteriously according to Its own counsels. But if *catharsis* be the objective of tragedy, *Hamlet* leaves us clarified in mind and sympathetic to the dark burden and grandeur that is man's, as no other play has ever done. But we fail to experience that *catharsis* if we do not understand the heroism of Hamlet.

BOOKS

LITTLE DEPTH-DIVING

A LATIN AMERICAN SPEAKS. By Luis Quintanilla. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50
THIS particular Latin American speaks, and many hear him. He calls himself a "democrat," "a Socialist," "romantic," "a realist," "no hot-headed demagogue."

Some of these he is, others not. His readers find his pen facile, pungent, fearless, sage, abounding in punditry. He speaks of his peoples; and the United States public, always glad to get the whole thing in a nut-shell, hurries to learn of Latin America, as they recently bought up whole editions of the Gunther variety of learning.

Scholars coined the word "Guntherize," but they will scarcely care to write either a brand or an epitaph for this ephemeral volume. For one thing, there is a ringing sincerity in this protest of a Latin American against those who misunderstand his points of view. For another, there are so many patent contradictions in this short book that it takes good care of itself. On page 41, "Most Americans . . . are victims of an intellectual [inferiority] complex," while eleven pages later "few people are blinder to their own shortcomings." "There are people in Bolivia who work twenty hours a day" (p. 82)! "American tourists are 'all right'" (p. 48), while the visit of a tourist to Mexico "is a catharsis" (p. 31.).

Nor should this surprise one in a book of special pleading. The figure of the redoubtable Manuel Ugarte, while never mentioned in person, glides through these pages with his strong consciousness of Latin-American unity and United States democratic perversity. Our "political democrats" are all right-wingers, protecting individual freedom as against the "economic democrats" of the left with their "love" and "reason" and "non-fascist ideology." And, of all things, the spokesman for religious concern for the workingmen is Dean Johnson of Canterbury. Quintanilla pretends never to have heard of Pope Leo XIII, of Pius XI or Pius XII!

Similarly "Our [Latin American] Liberators were freethinkers, liberals, and many of them heterodox . . . Masons," is a very strange bit of double-talk whose undoing would require the reading of a few history books. A final gesture in this line maintains that "it is precisely from [factors at variance with orthodoxy] that the tradition of our independence stems." The anti-clerical tradition, yes! The independence, no! Why, the very leaders in the declarations of independence were honored members of the clergy.

Quintanilla is a buoyant, generous liberal of socialist tinge. His unkindnesses are few, his fervid egalitarianisms plentiful. In his analysis of Fascism he presents a powerful picture, as he does in recounting the woful aspects of life and death in the Americas. Not so much can be said in appraising his understanding of our past actions in Latin America, where he is simply Ugarte rehashed. When he lapses into profundity, as in his discussion of the philosophy of history or of government, he betrays a lack of training in depth-diving. But his crowning foggiest is the stand for an autochthonous culture in America. He maintains that we *are* culturally one in the three Americas, made one by our common history.

The writer has lately left for his post as Mexican Minister to Moscow. While representative of his country in Washington, he won a name for public denunciations of certain diplomats, beyond all bounds of decorum. He was likewise a successful speaker before afternoon clubs. His book may be considered as his official goodbye to our country. While his zeal will be missed, his opinions will not.

W. EUGENE SHIELDS

TYROL UNDER TYRANNY

BENEATH ANOTHER SUN. By Ernst Lothar. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.75

"THE story of a transplanted people," runs the subtitle of this stirring novel, but it is quite wrong; the whole motif of the story is that these people, deported from their lovely home-land in the South Tyrol, were so in love with that little corner of the world and its spirit that they could take roots in no other place.

South Tyrol had been ceded to Italy after World War I, but in all the twenty years the older Tyroleans, who still lived with the memory of their hero, Andreas Hofer, had never bowed in spirit to Italian customs, laws, language. Grandfather Mumelter, over ninety, typifies that proud generation which saw in utter amazement the younger ones drifting into Fascism, dazzled by the triumphs of Nazism. Andreas Mumelter, his grandson, returns from studies in Germany fully alive to the poison of Nazism, happy to return to his native Tyrol, which they dream will be re-incorporated into Austria.

Hitler, though, out of love for his fellow "Germans," will bring them back into the bosom of the Reich, and the mass deportations begin. At least, the hapless ones hope, they will be settled in Germany, for though they are no Nazis, there will at least be the common bond of language. Instead, they end up in Czechoslovakia. There Andreas uses his job in a factory as a means of underground activity, which culminates in a plot to assassinate Hitler and other Party leaders. The plan goes awry, he is hunted, caught and executed. Gwenn Hoffman, the American girl, whose father, an Austrian by birth, was caught in the maelstrom because he had neglected to take out his American nationality papers, has helped Andreas in the plot. A few brief weeks before the tragic end, they marry; she it is who takes the remains of her husband and of his indomitable old grandfather back to their native Tyrol.

This bare sketch does no justice to the poignancy and interest of the story. Mr. Lothar claims that he has used official documents to authenticate all the facts. Beyond the historical accuracy are many admirable things in the book—the Catholic tone, as witnessed by old Mumelter's humble submission to his Father Confessor; the tension at Gwenn's trial in connection with a Nazi murder; the graphic portrayal of the arrogance and disrespect of the Nazi youth.

On the other hand, one point may be stressed in caution. The hate motive is strong—old man Mumelter cannot bring himself to forgive Hitler and Mussolini, even in his last will. As recording a fact—that many *do* actually feel that way—the author is within his rights; but suspicion grows that he is so in sympathy with the fact that he advocates it as a principle.

The book is a splendid job, though a little slowed up by genealogical lists and historical asides. It is the poignant and somber tale of a proud people, who love their land and their Faith, not transplanted, but uprooted.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

FOE DESPITE ITSELF

ITALY FROM WITHIN. By Richard G. Massock. The Macmillan Co. \$3

HERE is another portrait of America's most unwilling enemy, this time by the Chief of the Rome Bureau of the Associated Press. The lines are skilfully drawn, the colors are not exaggerated, and anyone who has himself known "Italy from within" will recognize the whole portrait as exceptionally true to life. While there is little

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in the book's main narrative which is any longer news, the pleasant writing which everywhere characterizes this volume, and its continuous sequence of small but revealing anecdotes, should make it an entertaining and rewarding experience for even the most informed reader.

Italy from Within is a presentation of the whole story of Mussolini and his tragic revolution, together with a moving description of the impact of that revolution on the gay, friendly and industrious Italian people. At the turn of the century, Mussolini was a vagrant radical in Switzerland, "obsessed with atheism, republicanism, anti-militarism, and the principle of social revolution as a cure for the poverty which he felt so bitterly in his own youth." After a brief career of teaching and a jail term for caning an organizer of strikebreakers, he turned to Socialist journalism.

With World War I, he became the great patriot. In the intense depression which followed, Italian Socialism split into two factions. "Bolshevist" advocates of revolution by violence according to the Soviet pattern fought in the streets with the equally violent "Fascists" under Mussolini's leadership. From three years of civil war (1919-1922) Fascism emerged completely victorious. There followed ten years of domestic development, ruthless elimination of possible rivals, and the gradual domination by the State of every phase of Italian national life. Then Fascism stepped abroad. Its nationalism had expanded into imperialism.

But in the meantime "the second Fascist revolution in Europe, called Nazi, had taken place." In the keen insight which this volume brings to the Frankenstein quality of Mussolini's ultimate enslavement to Hitler's revolution lies its greatest distinction. Step by step, through the "sanctions" of the Ethiopian episode, the Spanish intervention, Munich, the rape of Austria, the Italian misadventure in Greece, and the Libyan debacles, the story unfolds like a classical tragedy. Mussolini became in the end the most spectacular victim of the evil forces which he himself had let loose in the world.

The real victim of the Fascist tragedy has been, of course, the simple and long-suffering Italian people. In his description of how Fascist inefficiency and oppression have served to deepen rather than to eradicate "the Italian love for Americans and respect for the British," Mr. Massock echoes again what every previous correspondent has testified. This, much more than the brutal shell of Fascism, reveals the real character of "Italy from within." In the reciprocation and cultivation of this friendship rather than in the mere destruction of Italy's Fascist minority there lies, one may hope, not only our road to victory but our common hope for a happier post-war world.

JOSEPH BLUETT

AMERICA'S PROGRESSIVE PHILOSOPHY. By Wilmon Henry Sheldon. Yale University Press. \$3

THIS seventh series of the four lectures which are given annually at Indiana University as the "Powell Lectures on Philosophy" is no less worthy of notice than its predecessors. The "process-philosophy" described in these pages by Professor Sheldon of Yale is called "America's" because Whitehead and Dewey "matured it in the U.S.A." (p. 2). Its claim to be "progressive" is put forward on the following basis. First, it affords a means of reconciling the apparent incompatibilities of "the persistent types of philosophy": idealism, materialism, rationalism, irrationalism and scholasticism (pp. 6-51). Second, the criterion of reality which it employs is more satisfactory than any other, for it includes the others instead of refuting them (pp. 52-109). Third, its significant contributions to the "philosophic enterprise" open up new vistas for the philosopher. These contributions are, specifically, that change is a positive principle of reality, so that the old is retained in and with the new (pp. 110-158), and that all the elements of reality are compatible with one another (pp. 159-232).

A proper evaluation of this laudable attempt to "abolish the wasteful civil war within the philosopher's fold" (p. 232) would far exceed the limits of a brief review. It is unfortunate that Professor Sheldon's zeal to end

philosophic warfare leads him at times, especially in the concluding lecture, toward an empty nominalism which would end philosophy itself. The account which he gives of scholasticism (pp. 32-41), and his subsequent comments on its inadequacies (e.g., pp. 49-50, 119-122), indicate quite clearly what points need to be stressed and developed in order that the possibilities of scholasticism may be more fully appreciated by intelligent and sympathetic philosophers of the present day.

JOHN J. WELLMUTH, S.J.

THE GREAT O'NEIL. By Sean O'Faolain. Duell, Sloan and Pierce. \$3.75

THIS is the story of a great man, one of the greatest among Irishmen, Hugh O'Neil, Prince of Tyrone, how he developed into greatness, what he achieved in his time of success; how he carried himself in the subsequent hour of defeat, what permanently he contributed to Ireland.

When Hugh O'Neil first appeared prominently in the Irish scene, it was as a local dynast, more or less selfishly bent on his own aggrandizement. The trainers of his youth in Elizabeth's England cherished a hope that they had fashioned a competent instrument to "civilize" the Irish, that is, to Anglicize and Protestantize them. Yet just what the instrument did achieve was the frustration of that double objective. O'Neil eventually became a true patriot and a staunch Catholic, although only after a long process during which he was often forced ahead in spite of himself.

Much that he did in his first years makes hard reading today. Still there must have been a foundation of Irishism and Catholicism in the worldly self-seeker. It needed the force of circumstances to be revealed and upon it, with clearer vision, he did build a patriotic Faith. O'Neil was never impulsive; his thoughts were ever long thoughts. The patriotic vision grew, the Catholic ardor deepened, until a time came when he would demand of Essex a settlement honorable to his country and his Faith. Had he remained the selfish, narrow-visioned dynast, he would have closed out with a peace advantageous only to himself.

The heroic story of Hugh O'Neil has found a worthy telling in Mr. O'Faolain's fine biography. The narrative is always clear, there is never an obscure page from the lengthy list of characters, sixty-eight in all, that precedes the first chapter and is so helpful, to the end. Vivid descriptions make it a living book; among the best are depiction of the Ireland of 1550, of the boyhood of O'Neil, of the battles of the Yellow Ford and Kinsale. The author offers a thoughtful and significant discussion of the clash of the ancient Gaelic and the modern English system. His tracing of the spiritual development of Hugh O'Neil into a true patriot and an important figure in the Counter-Reformation is skilfully done and is correct. It is a great story of a great man.

MARTIN P. HARNEY

A CIRCLE IN THE WATER. By Helen Hull. Coward McCann, Inc. \$2.50

THIS is the story of the disintegration of a writer who knows no loyalty to his wife, his home or his art. He sacrifices all three to satisfy his own sense of inferiority and his own selfishness.

Hilary Sedgwick publishes his first novel in 1921. Its realism shocks the other members of the faculty of Selwyn College, and his contract is not renewed. Vera, his wife, sells her father's portrait and uses the money to establish her husband, their small son and herself in a New York apartment where Hilary begins to write for a living.

Always willing to turn out what the public wants, he becomes a highly successful writer for magazine and screen and is, therefore, able to satisfy his insatiable love of luxury. He is a vain and shallow man, never able to forget his lowly origins, which he despises. Vera is a far better human being, though possibly a less interesting characterization. Their son, though he lacks the flesh and blood of a real character, turns out as

I was half-way through "Fight for Sister Joe"

the other morning on the way downtown, when somebody alongside gave me the old elbow. I moved over all right, but I had half a mind to roll up my sleeves like Sister Joe had just taught that kid to do, and paste somebody in the puss. But I moved over. There were other things about Sister Joe. Humility was one of them. So begins a review of *GREAT MODERN CATHOLIC SHORT STORIES* in the *Chicago Daily News*. The author is William J. Gorman, Fiction Editor of the *News*. We quote further:

"Books of short stories appear at the rate of about one every twenty minutes but none that I ever read can compare with this one for editorial discrimination and consistent high quality. Sister Mariella Gable deserves real commendation, for recognizing that 'Catholic' short stories are in a fiction class by themselves, and for compiling the best among them on the basis of their merit alone.

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"You'll be surprised at some of the authors represented in this volume. F. Scott Fitzgerald takes one of his 'flappers' from the 'era of wonderful nonsense' to a seminary to visit her brother who will one day be ordained. 'The Surgeon and the Nun,' by Paul Horgan, is a terrific little piece with a delayed action payoff that will make an agnostic laugh uproariously for a minute and a product of the parochial schools chuckle quietly for weeks.

"Besides the authors mentioned above, there are: Ernest Hemingway, Katherine Mansfield, Phyllis Bottome, Geoffrey Household, Morley Callaghan and Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Peter Whiffin and Jack English are well known names, belonging respectively to Father Kenan Carey, a Passionist monk, and Brother Cajetan of the Order of St. Francis Xavier. The former's story, 'Reading in the Refectory,' is rich in quiet humor and concludes with a classic touch when old Brother Malachy, clearly the holiest man in the monastery, is shown, while the rest of the community are telling their beads or counting their aspirations, standing at his kitchen sink and singing an off-key version of 'Alexander's Ragtime Band.'

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one would expect a product of an unhappy home and divorced parents to turn out—an irresponsible playboy who finally enlists in the Air Corps.

The novel lacks any searching analysis and there is no beauty in the style. It is little above the average current fiction.

MARY TOOMEY

GRAND CANYON. By V. Sackville-West. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

THIS "cautionary tale" warns our Government against making peace with an unconquered Germany. It concerns the third world war of 1945, the present conflict having terminated in 1943 with the United States victorious over Japan, and Germany, because of some unexplained but very effective weapon, victorious over Britain. President Roosevelt has been assassinated, his successor deluded into making a treaty with the Nazi Government. Germany has taken over Mexico and, from Mexico, strikes America.

The novel is divided into two parts with no further chapter divisions. The first and longer part deals with the hotel at the Canyon and its guests; the second part deals with the same people after the hotel has been destroyed and they have taken refuge in the Canyon.

The story is fantastic, and to me boring. The main characters, Mrs. Temple and Mr. Dale, middle-aged, English, irreligious, cultured, are not convincing. They do not converse; rather they make long speeches at each other, even as they lead the guests into the Canyon. Within a few days, the Canyon brings sight to a blind man, hearing to a deaf man, health to a tubercular waitress, and life to a French pilot apparently killed after his plane crashes into the Canyon. No explanation for these phenomena is offered. But of all the fantastic events, the account of the destruction of New York City is most incredible.

For no apparent reason, the author has a suspicion of incest fall upon a brother and sister in the story. Other than that and a few candid remarks of Mr. Dale, the story is morally decent.

HUGH F. SMITH

THE CONSPIRATORS. By Frederick Prokosch. Harper and Bros. \$2.50

THIS is a dangerous novel—powerfully written—presenting a kaleidoscopic view of Lisbon, Portugal, overrun with European war refugees. The unrest, suspicion, fear, dread, despair of these frantic people is the background for the story.

Vincent Van der Lyn, a political prisoner, dedicating himself to the murder of the person responsible for his betrayal, escapes. Through a fellow conspirator he ascertains the whereabouts, but not the identity, of his victim. As he stalks his prey, the police trail him. So many times he hesitates and questions his motives in going on with this crime, that suspense is maintained until the murder is actually committed. Then, as he waits to be re-arrested, he feels proud that he has had the courage to go through with the assassination; he feels himself a martyr to some cause or other.

Mr. Prokosch's rare gift of poetic phrasing, his exquisite pen-portraiture of nature in her every mood, graphic character-sketching and splendid technique only make his book more dangerous. Perhaps he meant only to symbolize the death of the old decadent Europe, and to capture, as he says, the moment of rebirth of a new Europe. But what he presents is the deification of instinct, and an inexcusable eulogy of murder.

ANGELA C. O'HARA

JOSEPH BLUETT, a professor of Theology at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., pursued his higher studies at the Gregorian in Rome.

JOHN J. WELLMUTH, S.J., is professor of philosophy and head of that department at Loyola University, Chicago.

MARTIN J. HARNEY, S.J., author of *The Jesuits in History*, is professor of history at Boston College.

ART

IN a general way, art may be classified either as academic or innovational. What is loosely termed modern art is usually of the innovational type and is based on an experimental exploration of form in sculpture, and of pattern in painting. Academic art, in contrast, moves in a well marked groove. It is essentially conformist and, while it never shocks us with the unexpected, neither does it furnish us the thrill that comes with vital art. As matters go, the element of innovation in the art of one generation is absorbed into the academic art of the succeeding one. The progress of art, therefore, is somewhat lop-sided. Its practitioners, unwisely, divide themselves into groups of avowed conservatives and radicals.

In this grouping, the conservatives, or academicians, have held the intrenched positions, from which, as time has passed, they have been dislodged by the radicals. The spectacle of their defeat would be more moving if their cause had more reality. As it is, however, their battle is not for intrinsic values but for a manner in art that has little more than custom to justify it. Conservatism would have value if the right things were being conserved. The absence of this knowledge has made the academic position in all struggles a very weak one, and as artistic intelligence is more a quality of the radicals, these struggles have always gone against the conservatives.

The academicians, it would seem, are afflicted by a type of professionalism and with it the ossifying rigidity that accompanies this, whether it exists in medicine, the arts or architecture. There is, of course, no reason why an intelligent artist with an academic background should not absorb into his work, to its profit, the results of the innovational, experimental art about him. I recall in this connection the well known Viennese architect, Peter Behrens, whose practice covered some sixty years of his long life. He started as an academic classicist, but this did not prevent him from assimilating the results of contemporary developments into his architecture.

The effort in modern art, and more particularly in that called non-representational, or abstract, is to develop the use of pure form. By pure form is meant shapes in sculpture, and patterns in painting, that please by reason of the interest in the shapes or patterns themselves and without the aid of anything they recall to mind. Representational, or naturalistic art, in contrast, gives pleasure both by its forms and for what it recalls to mind. It is the absence of such reminiscences of nature that makes abstract art so unintelligible to many people. The art recalls nothing to them.

It is the quality intrinsic in such pure form, however, that is the underlying basis of the work of Rembrandt, El Greco and countless other great artists. All that the abstract painters have done is to consider this basic factor separately and they have tried to form an art around it alone. Because of the absence of any human, or natural reminiscences, the works have some of the detachment that one associates with experimental science.

It may be an awareness of the possibilities in abstract forms that lead Augustus Vincent Tack, a painter generally identified with work of a more academic nature, to produce the painted panels now displayed at the Nierendorf Gallery. In contrast to his other, naturalistic work, these works are a variety of abstraction. If they appear to fall short of a complete realization of the possibilities of this type of painting, the effort still suggests a move in a constructive direction, for it is the merging of abstraction with forms out of nature that is a characteristic of the more vital art of all time.

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However lightly he may try to take the play's difficult period of our history, the average spectator of the new Kingsley work emerges from the National temporarily a patriot, and with a deeper understanding of our national heroes of a hundred and fifty years ago. They were very human and understandable men, and Mr. Kingsley sets them before us so simply and convincingly in some of the great scenes of their lives, that most of us leave the theatre with a higher appreciation of their qualities than we ever had before.

The author begins his play in 1790, when Thomas Jefferson, his principal hero, returns to America after six years of service in France, hoping to pass the rest of his life in peace at Monticello. But George Washington, his chief, is visibly aging and breaking. Instead of retiring, Jefferson has to take on the post of Secretary of State and carry it through the grim years of his ceaseless battle with Alexander Hamilton and other political foes.

The play gives us an amazingly vivid picture of the rivalries, the ferments and the discords of that hectic period, through which Washington also struggles, old and broken but undauntedly heroic, and depending more and more on Jefferson's presence and support. It brings in Monroe's charges against Hamilton's honesty and good faith, the dark pages of Hamilton's private life, his genuine devotion to his country, and his final capitulation to Jefferson when he realizes that Jefferson's election to the Presidency alone can save the struggling United States from utter chaos. All these scenes are deeply dramatic; many of them are poignant, and the acting throughout is superb.

The highest honors of the performance, however, are carried off by a newcomer to our stage—Raymond Edward Johnson, a recruit from radio. Mr. Johnson loves his role and is inside the skin of it from the first scene to the last. From the opening night he was a success, and now that he is more familiar with his role he is growing in stature with every performance.

House Jameson gives Johnson superb support as Alexander Hamilton, and Cecil Humphrey, though handicapped by a bad cold on the opening night, is movingly convincing as George Washington. Indeed, Mr. Humphrey looks as much like the father of his country as the familiar portraits do. But it is a slight blow to the audience to see him take off his familiar wig and put it away in a closet when he goes fishing!

There are only a few women in the cast—Frances Reid, briefly, as Martha, Madge Evans as Patsy, Peg La Centra as Mrs. Hamilton in another short but admirably played scene, and a still more fleeting appearance of Leslie Bingham as a landlady. A nice young colored boy is admirably presented by Billy Nevard.

How much Mr. Rowland Stebbins helped the play is not apparent but, as one of the producers, he probably deserves some of the credit for Howard Bay's fine settings and Shepard Traube's excellent staging. Put *The Patriots* on your list and send the young folks to see it during the Easter holidays, or sooner. It's a play every young American should see—even if the present-day Democratic Party may not be exactly Jeffersonian!

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

FOREVER AND A DAY. Use of the overworked "colossal" must be excused in describing this film, for a cast of seventy-nine stars and ranking feature players depict the work of twenty-one writers under the guidance of no less than seven directors. Though it all sounds like a Hollywood nightmare, the result is a star-studded celluloid showpiece, one that is packed with entertainment values and rich in emotional content. A series of individual dramas has been blended together with an old London mansion as the common setting, while the stories involved reflect the history of the Empire from the Napoleonic period right up to the Battle of London in 1941. To give credit to each entertainer on the lengthy roster would be impossible, but praise *en masse* must be generously bestowed. Roland Young and Gladys Cooper are unforgettable in one heart-rending bit; Merle Oberon and Robert Cummings impress in a romantic interlude; Ida Lupino, Brian Aherne and Charles Laughton are a few of the others who stand out in a brilliant gathering. All involved, writers, actors, producers, directors, have given their talents gratis to aid war charities. The motive is praiseworthy and the result of their efforts is, too. All the family will want to enjoy this interesting combination of romance. (RKO)

THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT. Sketched against the background of the Lybian desert are the agonizing experiences of a lost British scouting patrol in this realistic and stirring film. How these men watch their comrades die under the hardships of a blistering no-man's-land and enemy shells, until only four of the original fourteen get back to their base, forms the general outline of the melodrama. Meanwhile, the evolution of a timid, retiring corporal into a fighting, responsible leader, captures the audience's attention. Henry Fonda handles this role with amazing conviction. Under the inspiration of a battle-scarred sergeant, played to the hilt by Thomas Mitchell, the weak man assumes command and leads the survivors to safety. A bit of romance is satisfactorily introduced through the hero's memories of Maureen O'Hara. Though this is exciting screen warfare, objection must be raised to the suicide of a sympathetic character, for it is presented as heroic and justifiable. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

THE CRYSTAL BALL. For those who are willing to take less than the best in unadulterated farce, this version of the well known triangle theme may prove effective. Besides the struggle between the women, a penniless girl from Texas and a rich New York widow, for a rising young lawyer, the trade tricks of society fortune-tellers come in for a bit of exposing. Paulette Goddard is the Western lass who resorts to any subterfuge, including posing as a medium, to get her man—Ray Milland. There is nothing clever or distinguished about this comedy, but it is complete escapist fun and may amuse a war-weary adult audience. (United Artists)

THE POWERS GIRL. Though the title suggests something glamorous, there is little sparkle or beauty in this. Benny Goodman and his band may prove a bright spot but, on the whole, except for a few interesting bits on a training course for models, the production is hackneyed, dull and repetitious. George Murphy, Anne Shirley and Carol Landis are the trio concerned. Though this is second-rate entertainment, it is endorsed for adults. (United Artists)

MARY SHERIDAN

[It will be of interest to our readers if we make up for an oversight in the review of Hitler's Children last week. The original story and the script were both by Emmet Lavery, author of The First Legion, and a frequent AMERICA contributor.—Ed.]

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FOR CATALOG ADDRESS THE DEAN

CORRESPONDENCE

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

EDITOR: I am disconcerted, non-plussed and confused by the article entitled, "Religious Freedom a Necessity to Preserve Post-War World," by W. Eugene Shiels, that appears in your issue of January 23.

Here is a man who conscientiously believes that he has the truth. His conscience tells him that to serve God he must proclaim that truth. He holds, with the author of this article, that religious liberty means that he has "the right by nature (and not by some grant of government) to follow his conscience, that is, to serve God as he sees God wants to be served."

But, on the following page, Father Shiels asserts that such a one cannot "serve God as he sees God wants to be served" without some grant of government, unless the group who believe as he does "can demonstrate, to the conviction of the State, a special Divine Mandate to carry on its activity." I confess to a large measure of confusion.

What does the Catholic Church mean by religious liberty? It is important that we should know, since it is a question repeatedly and anxiously asked of us across the country. Does it mean one thing in the United States and another thing elsewhere?

Father Shiels speaks of Virginia's "famous Bill of Rights of 1776," saying that "the Federal Constitution took from the same general origin a foundation stone of our liberty in the First Amendment." Father M. J. Ahern, S.J., who has spoken for the National Conference in many parts of the country, has often quoted the Virginia Statute of Religious Liberty. With fervor he has cited its declaration "that all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinion in matters of religion, and that the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge or affect their civil capacities." He has unequivocally stated that this is in accord with Catholic doctrine. We have accepted this and have so stated in answer to inquiries. Has some one been kidding us?

This understanding of Catholic doctrine has been confirmed by the Pastoral Letter of The American Catholic Hierarchy of 1919 which says, "With great wisdom our American Constitution provides that every citizen shall be free to follow the dictates of his conscience in matters of religious belief and observance. While the State gives no preference or advantage to any form of religion, its own best interests require that religion as well as education should flourish and exert its wholesome influence upon the lives of the people."

Any assistance which you or your readers can give in clarifying my quandary will be gratefully received.

New York, N. Y.

ROBERT A. ASHWORTH
Editorial Secretary

National Conference of Christians and Jews

EDITOR: The difficulty stated by the Rev. Dr. Ashworth in the third paragraph of his letter calls for full quotation of the passage cited:

Suppose that some country having a quite uniform religious picture admits immigrants of another religion. Must it give the immigrant group the fullest privileges in propagating its cult? Not unless that group can demonstrate, to the conviction of the State, a special Divine mandate to carry on its activity.

One may well recall the question put to Our Divine Lord: "By what authority do you do these things?" It is one thing to possess a right, but another thing to call upon the State to acknowledge that right. And government, which has the charge and duty of preserving the body politic, quite properly asks a newcomer by what

right he performs public actions, assembles groups, leads them into mass demonstrations, when in its eyes these actions threaten the security of the State. In this light, from the viewpoint of government, broad religious activity goes beyond the "irreducible minimum of religious liberty" and is treated as a privilege accorded an immigrant. He himself—as in the case of a "special Divine mandate" to him and his cult—has the right, but he must demonstrate it, as did Christ on many occasions when he called upon the fact of miracles to attest to his qualifications. On the other hand, no government may justly question what has been described as the irreducible minimum. That right antedates government, as the preamble to our Declaration of Independence so clearly puts the case: "We hold . . . that man was endowed by His Creator with certain inalienable rights."

However, in line with the undeniable principle of the full passage quoted, if the "special Divine mandate" be demonstrated, even though this mandate may oblige government and society to make adjustments, the Divinely mandated cult has superior right. It is this question which tortures writers who think that duty to God cannot be put above duty to the State, that the doctrine—as one puts it—leads to absolute chaos. In the case under consideration, the State would by the premises evidently be in the wrong. No one has rights against God.

The doctrine of the Catholic Church on religious liberty is indeed complex, as is every matter involving basic principles of both constitutional and Canon law. But its main lines are stated in the article cited. Father Ahern has not been "kidding," though obviously he did not have time to enter into all the ramifications of the subject. If any American should doubt the sincerity of these professions, he need only scan the battle roll of Catholics in our history, to see how earnestly they fight for what America is.

New York, N. Y.

W. EUGENE SHIELS

THE PRICE OF PEACE

EDITOR: It gladdens my heart to see AMERICA take the lead in a sane discussion of the coming Peace. Are we willing to pay the price of permanent World-Peace? The Settlement of Vienna in 1815 broke down, as did the Pact of Paris a century later, because they possessed no means for repairing the inequalities between nationalities which resulted from their territorial decisions.

The price of peace in the contemporary world is the assurance of economic security to the peoples of all of the great powers. The Axis nations, at least before the advent of Reichsfuehrer Hitler, were countries whose natural resources were inadequate to support their great populations and large and expanding industries.

It is only on the basis of the economic security of all peoples that it will be possible to establish a community of interest in the prevention of war. In the absence of such security, the world will once again be condemned to witness new struggles between the great powers, some seeking to acquire, others to retain, those resources in raw materials and minerals essential to modern industrial life. Few Americans seem to perceive that Hitler and Mussolini are the consequences of the economic circumstances of their respective countries and that, even if they were both to disappear overnight, the rebellion would continue until the disparities were abolished.

Let us be practical about it and not be afraid of ideas. What do we intend doing with the German people? They are convinced that if they lose the war they will be wiped from the face of the earth. Can not Roosevelt emulate Wilson's appeal to the German people? "We

are not the enemies of the German people and they are not our enemies. They are themselves in the grip of the same sinister power that has now at last stretched its ugly talons out and drawn blood from us." These were Wilson's words, and they ultimately caused the German people to ask for an armistice.

Just before the Germans signed, Colonel House asked Marshall Foch if he would prefer the Germans to reject or sign the armistice which was based on Wilson's Fourteen Points. The reply of the Commander in Chief of the Allies is so Christian and sensible that I close my letter with it:

Fighting [replied Foch] means struggling for certain results. If the Germans now sign an armistice under the general conditions we have just determined, those results are in our possession. This being achieved, no man has the right to cause another drop of blood to be shed.

Maryland

H. J. C.

DANGEROUS "SECRET WEAPON"

EDITOR: Thanks to Don Sturzo for writing, and AMERICA for placing prominently in its Correspondence (January 23, 1943), the fine letter which refuted Mr. Rex Stout's claim that hatred is necessary in war. Hatred can brutalize us, too, as it has some of our enemies, "because human nature is the same for all," as Don Sturzo emphasizes.

I should be interested to know what AMERICA's readers think of the radio program directed by Mr. Stout, with himself as narrator. Perhaps it does credit to Mr. Stout. I have read none of his books, but I hope the Writers' War Board is not proud of its Chairman's productions.

A few performances were all I could stand, since the program fairly drips with venomous hatred. Artistically, it is a failure, and its "melodrammer" would be hooted off the stage in any theater that charged admission. Its title, *Our Secret Weapon—the Truth*, has, no doubt, many documented quotations which it broadcasts. But "confusion of mind" is a charitable description for the mental state of the writer who turned out the following gem. After quoting one of Hitler's outrageous speeches against the Jews, Mr. Stout replies, "Jesus was a Jew . . . the three Wise Men were Jews." Detroit, Mich. CATHERINE MURTHA

SAY IT WITH SWEETS

EDITOR: Years ago an article in AMERICA gave valuable hints to those who would write to the papers. It suggests that you make yourself known to the Editor by commending something he wrote. Editors like sweets.

Space being at a premium, have something to say, and say it briefly. A typewriter and a sense of humor help.

If about a matter of history or controversy, be very sure of your facts. That may entail research, but better not write than make statements muddled or mistaken. Be wide awake, and let courtesy always guide the pen.

Loved or hated, our Faith has the vital spark of interest—properly presented, the press welcomes our view point and is fair. Hats off to Father Kemper of Kerrville, Texas, and his 200 adult converts made by God's grace and his pen in thirty-one years of writing to the secular weekly newspaper.

These practical suggestions were taken from AMERICA by a woman, pen in hand, who could see the Editor's blue pencil and the waste-paper basket beside his desk. Pittsburgh, Pa. M. C. M.

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, merely tolerates lengthy ones.)



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PARADE

IN *Twelfth Night*, Shakespeare included the following advice: "Halloo your name to the reverberate hills." . . . A Kansas City citizen followed this counsel last week. He sat down beside another gentleman in a trolley-car and remarked: "I've observed you live across the street from me, so I think I'll introduce myself. My name is Cain." The other responded: "My name's Abel." The conversation was overheard and passengers gazed on curiously as Cain met Abel in Kansas City. . . . Southey commented years ago concerning a name "which no one can speak, and no one can spell." . . . As though recalling this poetic passage, Bozo Milesavolevich told a judge in Pueblo, Colo. that he wanted a simpler name. When His Honor inquired what name was wanted, he replied: "Robert Milesavolevich." . . . Referring to somebody in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Shakespeare gave vent to this oft-remembered line: "I cannot tell what the dickens his name is." . . . Last week a hotel clerk in Grand Island, Neb., experienced confusion somewhat similar to Shakespeare's. On Wednesday, a Mr. Thursday entered the hotel and registered. A Mr. Sunday also entered and registered. The clerk on duty Wednesday gave Thursday and Sunday adjoining rooms. On Friday, Thursday departed. Sunday followed on Saturday. . . . Many years ago, Cervantes exclaimed: "A good name is better than riches." . . . Sapps in Los Angeles, striving for what they felt would be a better family name, thus addressed a court for a change in name: "The petitioners feel that to remain Sapps all their lives is indeed to remain saps all their lives."

An incident in Oregon brought to mind a line in the Song of Solomon to the effect that "the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." An Oregon school teacher found a turtle egg. Thinking it would make an attractive decoration for her desk, she placed it there. Some time after, the egg hatched, and the voice of a turtle was heard in the classroom. . . . La Rochefoucauld, perhaps a bit too cynically, declared: "In the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not exactly displeasing." If this be true, close friends of the following folks probably experienced some gratification during the week. . . . In Georgia, an automobile carrying three people was hit by a locomotive, dragged forty feet, then hurled in the path of a train moving in the opposite direction. The second train dragged the auto back fifty feet, then tossed it off the track. The occupants climbed out unhurt. The auto was later sold to a junk dealer. . . . Farther west, a two-year-old Nebraska boy, clutching a piece of bread and butter, fell from a second-floor bedroom. When the boy's mother rushed out, she found him sitting calmly on the lawn eating the bread. He was uninjured. . . . The celebrated poet, Alexander Pope, cautioned people against explaining "a thing until all men doubt it." . . . During the week, two men ignored Pope's warning. . . . In Philadelphia, a citizen explained that his objection to serving as a juror sprang from a fear that the food in his bachelor apartment ice-box would spoil while he was away. The reaction of the judge was chilly. . . . In Texas, a liquor dealer put up a sign reading: "Don't buy whisky, buy war bonds. But if you have to buy whisky, buy from us, so we can buy war bonds."

An official report just issued revealed that the number of divorces granted in Philadelphia in 1942 reached an all-time high. Attributing the increase to improved economic conditions, a divorce-court official stated that reports from courts throughout the nation show that divorces increase in direct ratio with wage and employment rises. . . . The name of the Person who denounced divorce is—Jesus Christ. JOHN A. TOOMEY

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